

# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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## Nikita in Germany.

OUR opinion of Nikita is more than confirmed by the verdict of the German press. She has sung with triumphant success in Berlin, Hamburg, Altona, and Bremen, and she is everywhere received with open arms. It has been impossible to obtain standing-room at any of her concerts, and the public have left the audiences at Her Majesty's far behind in their fervour of enthusiasm. As for the critics, they shall now speak for themselves.

From a batch of Berlin papers for the 13th and 14th of October, we pick up at random the following notice in the *Deutsches Tageblatt* :—

Nikita is the name of the star of song which has last risen upon the artistic horizon. The light of this star shone for the first time on Wednesday night in the *Singakademie*, and the hearts of men were gladdened by its rays. We will not speak of "Fräulein Nikita;" the programme doesn't. "Nikita" is a slim girl, of about fifteen or sixteen, with a short dress and an engaging face. The papers have had a good deal to say of "Nikita," and it was not to be wondered at that every single seat in the *Singakademie* was filled. Advertising had done its duty; but for once it proved that advertising had not promised more than the young girl was able to accomplish. Nikita achieved a great success, to which, in the main, she was fully entitled. Of course, we can hardly as yet compare her to Patti or any other great singer, as her young voice has still to be developed. But what she does is simply marvellous, and shows that she possesses that gift of song which God bestows at long intervals only upon the most highly favoured of mortals. It is unnecessary to speak of her already remarkable technical skill: this we can find more highly developed in others. But her manner of singing, the quality of her voice, the purity of her intonation, the warmth of her feeling,—in a word, her whole style,—show the possession of that power which cannot be acquired, that innate gift which alone can produce so natural, so harmonious an impression.

We missed Nikita's rendering of Susanna's air from "Le Nozze di Figaro," as we were detained at the Opera. She sang the air from Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon" with deep feeling; as an encore she gave in the daintiest possible manner a waltz, which we did not happen to know; and her rendering of the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's "Faust" displayed a striking capacity for dramatic effect. Here and there we may have noticed one or two defects, but the general impression was such that we feel justified in prophesying a brilliant future for the young and almost childish singer. This is presupposing that her training will be carefully continued; she must not be used by speculators as a means of making money. For our part, we will form the very best hopes for the future of this phenomenally-gifted young

A much larger hall (the Philharmonic) was engaged for Nikita's second concert in Berlin, and she again succeeded in crowding the house from floor to ceiling. The public were again equally enthusiastic, and the press equally laudatory. Witness the following from the *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* for the 25th of October :—

"The dear little fairy gave her second concert in the Philharmonic Hall, and again the entire building was crowded in every part. This is enough

to show that the name of Nikita has been flying upon wings through Berlin. Yesterday Nikita's work was varied; her pieces were partly classical, partly romantic, partly trivial. And her style of singing, too, may be said to have varied according to the different pieces which she performed. With perfect technique and soul-moving pathos, there would mingle suddenly a momentary lapse, an unsuccessful attempt to take every difficulty with a rush. All the same, we recognise in Nikita an epoch-making artist, whose fame will yet fill the entire world; only her intonation is occasionally just a trifle flat, and a tendency to tremolo could not always be entirely suppressed.

What was sufficiently apparent at the first concert, was made yet more manifest last night. Miss Nikita is born for the stage. Her style, her expression, the power of her voice, and an obviously unconscious habit of emphasizing her words with the play of her features point the way to the stage, which affords a better field than the concert-room for those who are gifted above their fellows with depth of feeling and capacity for representation, those whose very lips are redolent of song. The air from "Don Giovanni," which she sang in Italian, was quite intelligible even to those who did not understand Italian, for "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto" is well known. Her rendering was full of grace and dramatic animation. What a splendid soubrette! Whether she gave out the notes loud and full, or let them die away, the quality of her voice was always sympathetic—which must ever be considered the highest excellence in singing. The *pianissimo* of this tender rose-bud is of the most captivating purity and grace. She was so enthusiastically applauded, that she gave as an encore Schumann's "Du meine Seele" in German. If she had not sung "Das Du mich liebst," we should never have supposed that an American was singing who was not quite familiar with our German idiom. She also gave by request the air from "Mignon." Her rendering of this piece hardly calls for any special remark, but we may again call attention to her wonderful *pianissimo*.

A similar tribute of homage met the young artist on her appearance in Hamburg. The *Hamburgische Musik-Zeitung* for the 30th of October wrote as follows :—

It was doubtless the somewhat sensational system of advertising that attracted so large an audience to the Thalia Theatre to hear the young American vocalist, Miss Nikita. But even the most sceptically disposed were won over by the youthful artist's very first song. Miss Nikita has a voice of wide compass and a pure soprano *timbre*, which is still not completely developed, and thus possesses the charm characteristic of the finest boys' voices. Her technique has attained a high degree of excellence, her delivery being equable, easy, and entirely under her command; and she has made a good beginning in *coloratura*. It is not, however, on excellence of technique that Miss Nikita lays the chief stress, but in delicacy of expression; and in delicacy of expression she may, by dint of care and continued study, rise one day to the very highest standard. The musical style of the young artist is characterized by the most perfect grace, her aim is the beauty of measure and well-balanced proportion; specially noticeable is her full and rounded *pianissimo*, which shaded off by a whole scale of gradations into a *forte* which has all the vigour of youth without being immoderately loud. Miss Nikita is undoubtedly a charming *débütante*, both in her personal appearance and her vocal achievements. Although occasional defects may still be observed in her intonation and her pronunciation, what Nikita has achieved gives us every justification for the hope that the last pupil of Maurice Strakosch will become

a great artist with a style of her own,—an artist for whom the path to the very highest heights in the art of song will not be too steep.

Our last quotation is short, but eloquent in its brevity. The source is the *Hamburger Fremden-Blatt* for the 2nd November :—

Every seat in the Thalia Theatre was again filled at Nikita's concert last night. The whole house was sold out several days in advance, and the orchestra had to be placed on the stage to make room for more seats in the stalls.

## Staccato.

THE reaper whose name is Death has been mowing in our midst with busy sickle. At the same hour on Saturday afternoon, the 5th of November, the remains of two great musicians, Sir George Macfarren and Jenny Lind, were consigned to their last resting-places in the cemeteries at Hampstead and Malvern. In Sir George Macfarren and Jenny Lind we lose two links which bound us to a distant musical past. The Nineteenth Century is growing old, and our musicians are already looking forward to the Twentieth. May our living singers emulate Jenny Lind's nobility of character, and our composers the artistic enthusiasm of Sir George Macfarren.

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN'S blindness helped to enlist popular sympathy in his favour. Was some part of Professor Fawcett's extraordinary popularity not due to the physical infirmity with which, like Macfarren, he so nobly battled? To Macfarren music was indeed a Light in Darkness (to borrow the motto of the College for the Blind), and his example should prove an encouragement to those fellow-sufferers who in Darkness are seeking for the Light.

A VERY curious point has been brought out by the *Jewish World*, which maintains that "music, like salvation, is of the Jews." The chief supporters of Jenny Lind throughout her career were Jews, or at least of Jewish extraction. It was Meyerbeer who gave her the opportunity of appearing in Berlin; Moscheles and Mendelssohn became her musical sponsors; it was Mr. Lumley who brought her out in London; and she was accompanied by Julius Benedict in that American tour in which she met the Jew who ultimately became her husband.

THE life of Jenny Lind affords a striking instance of the success of a policy of *reclame* even in the infancy of advertising. Her appearance in London was heralded by a mass of biographical, critical, and anecdotal information. The sensation thus produced brought together a splendid audience for her *début*—and Jenny Lind did the rest.

ADVERTISING is indeed a great assistance to the modern singer. It hastens the triumph which under old conditions the obstacles of





time and space would have retarded. But fortunately its power is limited. *With* genius, advertising becomes a mighty lever of success; *without* genius, it is of no avail. Maurice Strakosch hits the right nail on the head in the following weighty words:

It is clear that the press cannot ensure the success of an artist without talent, but, on the other hand, it greatly enhances the reputation of artists whose abilities can bear the strong light of publicity. The approbation and support of the critics are as indispensable to an artist of the highest order as the popular applause of which the critics are the echo.

THE Heathen Chinee in New York is determined to be amused. The male washerwomen of that city are now building a theatre in Mott Street for their own special delectation. It seems that a principal feature of the theatre will be an enormous clock. This clock is decidedly useful. A Chinese play takes a week to perform, and it is stopped every night at a particular hour. So, if the villain happens to be plunging his dagger into the victim's heart when the clock strikes twelve, he stops short and commences again with his dagger poised in mid-air next night!

THE Head Master of Harrow lately announced that he had entered the name of a boy who is to join the school in the Twentieth Century. Dr. von Bülow is also looking thus far ahead, as will be seen from the terms of the following *compulsory warning*:-

Since gentlemen who desire to have their compositions performed at my orchestral concerts have been so kind as to supply me with more than enough novelties to keep me going to the end of the present century, I must respectfully decline to accept any further contributions.

MR. FREDERICK E. BOULTING brings under our notice an ingenious contrivance for lightening the labour of transposition. He has prepared a chart which shows at a glance the equivalents for any given note in all the different keys, and by the use of this chart much time and trouble would doubtless be saved.

THE last decade has been marked by a great increase in the number of our instrumentalists. The inquiries of Mr. Venables (see our notice of "The Choral Society" under the heading "Literature of Music") have elicited the fact that at present there are amateur orchestral departments in connection with as many as a third of our Choral Associations, and there are similar signs of progress to be observed in the increased vitality of societies which devote their entire attention to the performance of orchestral music.

AN illustration of the strength of this movement is to be found in the growth of the Westminster Orchestral Society under the *baton* of our *collaborateur*, Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson, A.R.A.M. The Society is only in its third year, having been founded in 1885, but it has developed a full orchestra 68 strong, in which even the harp is duly represented.

THE Society meets in an atmosphere laden with musical tradition. The King's Theatre in the adjacent Haymarket was for 150 years a centre of operatic art. But this was hardly English. More important to us is the musical history of our National Temple, the Abbey-church of Westminster. Our great Purcell was born and bred in Westminster, and it was as organist of the Abbey that he produced his noblest works. Since the time of Purcell, the

Abbey organists have continued to do good work for English music; and it was a happy inspiration of the Westminster Orchestral Society to obtain for one of its Vice-Presidents the present occupant of the post which Purcell once filled.

THE Society gives three concerts each season, and we are glad to see from the annual report that last season English music received its due share of attention. The programme of the first concert included two concertos by English composers, Mr. John Francis Barnett's "Concerto Pastorale" for flute and orchestra, and Mr. Walter Macfarren's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra entitled "Concertstück." The programme of the second concert was composed in great part of the works of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who lent the Society for this occasion the original manuscript of a "Concerto in D major for Violoncello," which had curiously never been performed since its production at the Crystal Palace Concerts in November 1866. The special feature of the third concert was the production of an overture ("The Student of Salamanca") by the conductor, which was much admired.

THE Press Association thus describes the arrival of SULLIVAN at Euston Station:-

The wildest enthusiasm prevailed; so great indeed was the anxiety of the people to get a glimpse of the renowned SULLIVAN, that in many cases dozens of them crowded on to the roof of the train. He arrived at Euston Station at half-past three, and was afforded a tremendous reception by an assemblage variously estimated at about 7000 and 12,000. On SULLIVAN making his appearance, he was greeted with loud cheering, waving of handkerchieves, hats, sticks, etc.; and so eager were those assembled to get a handshake from the visitor, that they crowded around him in a manner that made it impossible for the party to reach the vehicle in waiting.

"Surely," the reader will exclaim, "the English are becoming a nation of musicians!" Perhaps they are; but the Sullivan of this ovation was not Sir Arthur, but John L., the famous American hero of the prize-ring.

LAST month, we gave Remenyi an opportunity of telling how he esteemed it an *honour* and not a *condescension* to play those simple popular melodies in which the feelings of a nation are expressed. For our part, we cordially agree with Remenyi, and we hail with pleasure a People's Edition of Moore's Irish Melodies which Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. are now publishing in sixpenny monthly parts. This edition, which will be completed in twelve parts, contains the original symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson and Sir Henry Bishop, and a short brightly-written Life of Moore, together with his essay on the National Music of Ireland.

ABOUT a year ago the visit of an English team inoculated the whole population of Samoa, men, women, and children, with the cricket fever. Still more surprising is the announcement that English music is becoming as well known in the East as Clark's Thread or Pears' Soap. The loyal Nizam lately held a review in the Great Square before the Palace of Hyderabad; and as his swarthy Mahomedans marched past the saluting-post, the ears of the English visitors were regaled with the strains of "Wait till the Clouds roll by" and "The British Grenadiers" from the massed native bands.

THE Archbishop of Munich has denounced Zöllner's new version of "Faust." Let him

think of the fate of the Rev. Mr. M'Kendree of Nashville, Tennessee! That reverend gentleman turned the visit of Emma Abbot's Opera Company to account by delivering a tirade against operatic singers. Now Emma Abbot happened to be in church, and she got up in the middle of the sermon and made a neat little speech in defence of her maligned profession. The congregation sided with the actress, and the clergyman had to modify if not to eat his words.

THE familiarity of our scholars with the dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles serves to emphasize our ignorance of the nature and effect of the music with which these dramas were accompanied. Very likely we have not missed very much after all, as there is little doubt that if we *did* hear it, we should only have to hold our ears. However this may be, Mendelssohn has found many imitators in his treatment of ancient Greek drama from the standpoint of modern music.

MENDELSSOHN wrote charming music for the "Antigone" and the "Oedipus at Colonus" of Sophocles. Sir George Macfarren dealt with the "Ajax;" Dr. Parry took up the "Birds" of Aristophanes; and last year Dr. Stanford wrote the incidental music for the performance at Cambridge of the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus in the original Greek. This year the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles is selected for representation, and Dr. Stanford is again bold enough to set the verse of 450 B.C. to the music of 1887 A.D.

DOES the gallant Jack about whom so many songs are sung, ever sing himself? At all events he is now getting the chance of good musical instruction. The Admiralty lately sent Mr. Evans, the Musical Inspector for the London School Board, to report on the teaching of music in the training ships for our young sailors. Mr. Evans was pleased at the evident delight of those dear little blue-jackets in the stirring sea songs which form the most telling expression of our national patriotism.

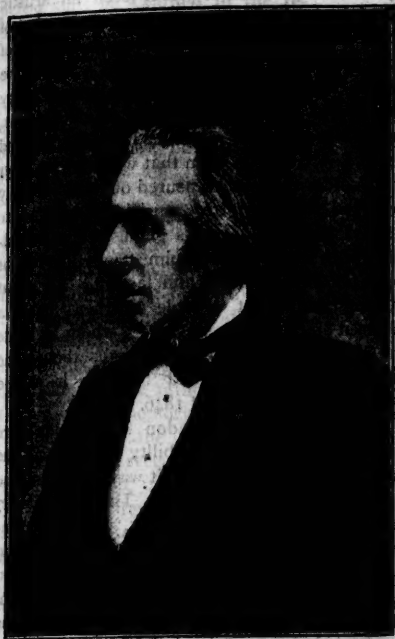
These boys are to be supplied with music when they go to sea, and it is hoped that the singing of songs of a vigorous moral tone will have a good effect on the character of the boys. They will be able to interest themselves and their shipmates too in their leisure time. The day has not yet come when the lowest music-hall ditties will have no place in the fore-castle, but by such faithful work as has now commenced, the blue-jackets of the future will have many pleasant evenings, joining in inspiring choruses with good taste and harmony.

No doubt the average Englishman prefers his politics to his music. Still it seems a pity for our not too prosperous bandmen that some particularly zealous M.P.'s should have forced the War Office to prohibit the appearance of Volunteer bands at the most innocent of those political *fêtes* to which we are now getting accustomed. Altogether bandmen are having rather a bad time of it. The bandmen of the regular army were recently prohibited from playing outside the limits of their own regimental district, except under the special permission of the War Office.

"See-Saw" is said to have added £30,000 to the balance at Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe's bankers. This presumably beats the record, but "Peek-a-bo" is well in the running. It is announced in the American papers that the composer of this classical ditty of Minnie Palmer's has pocketed the sum of £6000 in royalties.



## Sir George Macfarren.



ON Monday afternoon, the 31st October there passed away a man whose whole life was one of courage, patience, and fidelity to a lofty ideal. Sir George Macfarren, whose death countless friends and admirers mourn to-day, was not one whose fame was trumpeted from mouth to mouth as the doer of daring exploits on the battle-field, or as a leader of great political and social reforms, yet he was none the less a hero on that account,—a hero in the truest sense of the word,—one who had consecrated his great gifts with unflinching devotion to the best interests of his beloved art, and a supreme example of complete triumph over grievous physical infirmity.

George Alexander Macfarren, the son of George Macfarren, a dramatist, was born in London on March 2, 1813; and in 1827 became the pupil of Charles Lucas, entering the Royal Academy of Music in 1829, where he studied composition, pianoforte, and trombone. He was appointed a professor in 1834.

The work which first brought Macfarren into notice as a composer was a Symphony in F minor, performed by the Society of British Musicians in 1834, which was shortly followed by the ever-fresh and charmingly spirited overture, "Chevy Chase." In 1838 was produced his "Devil's Opera," which most successfully drew public attention to him as a talented and rising young composer. This was followed by many other operas, among which may be mentioned,—"Don Quixote" (1846); "Charles II." (1849); the well-known and long popular "Robin Hood" (1860); "Jessy Lea" (1863); "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Soldier's Legacy," and "Hellyn" (all in 1864). The great number of works for the stage written by Macfarren during the earlier part of his life proves how much he was then attracted by this form of the art, and no doubt many of his most brilliant successes were won as an operatic writer; but perhaps his fame as a composer will rest more upon his oratorios and cantatas than upon his operas. His cantata, "Lenore," produced in 1852, contains much intensely dramatic and powerful music; and what Choral Society has not revelled in the sunny freshness and essentially English

straightforwardness of that charming and perfectly delightful cantata, "May Day"? Though written as long ago as 1856, it still retains its popularity, which, if anything, is increasing. Not until he was sixty years of age, at a time when most men have given up the thought of producing, did Macfarren commence the composition of an oratorio. This was characteristic of the indomitable energy and intense earnestness of the man, who could give to the world at that comparatively late period of his life a work so brimful of nervous energy, dramatic intensity, and lyrical beauty as "St. John the Baptist," and this, too, under the awful affliction of total blindness, necessitating the dictation of every bar of that long and complicated score to an amanuensis.

Besides the important works hitherto mentioned, Macfarren has written three other oratorios, viz.: "The Resurrection" (Birmingham, 1876), "Joseph" (Leeds, 1877), and "King David" (Leeds, 1883); many other cantatas, notably "The Lady of the Lake" (Glasgow, 1877); countless sonatas, trios, quartets, songs, etc., and an immense quantity of Church music. Up to the last he was engaged in the work of composition, having, in the intervals between his duties as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music and Professor at Cambridge University, written three or four sonatas for pianoforte (still in MS.), besides some anthems and services; and only a fortnight before his death there was produced at a Royal Academy concert a cantata for female voices, with pianoforte-duet accompaniment, entitled "Around the Hearth," which contains music as fresh as that which one would expect from a composer in the hey-day of early maturity.

As a didactic writer, Macfarren will long be remembered as one of the most profound of musical theorists. He it was who, when in 1845 his friend Dr. Alfred Day brought out his novel and original system of harmony, alone of all musicians firmly supported its claims, conscious of the truth of the ideas therein propounded. This beautiful theory, now recognised by earnest thinkers as the most perfect and truthful of all systems, excited so much opposition amongst the musical profession on its publication, that Macfarren had to resign his professorship at the Royal Academy because of his determination to teach nothing else. Here was devotion to a cause, the truth of which he was fully convinced, and his adherence to which was afterwards vindicated by his reappointment at the Academy, and by the almost universal acceptance of his views. His chief literary works are:—*Rudiments of Harmony*; *Counterpoint, a Course of Study*; *Six Lectures on Harmony*, first delivered at the Royal Institution in 1867; *Musical History*, briefly narrated and technically discussed. Besides these, he recently edited *Day's Treatise on Harmony*, was the writer of many analyses for the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, and was a frequent contributor to periodical musical literature. In the duties of a teacher, Macfarren took especial delight. He was adored by his pupils, among whom I count myself as one of the most devoted and attached, and I shall always look back upon those Saturday morning lessons in the Committee Room of the Royal Academy as some of the sweetest memories of my student days.

As Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, he mainly raised the Institution, in which he took such fond interest, to its present high position; to its welfare he devoted his best energies with rare ability and single-mindedness. He took a deep personal interest in each pupil of the Academy, and long after they had left the Institution would he follow the careers

of promising and painstaking students, often materially helping them in their profession, when perhaps they had thought that he must long ago have forgotten them.

As Professor at Cambridge University, he made the study of music there a reality, both by his eloquent and learned discourses, and by the maintenance of a high standard of general and musical knowledge required from candidates for degrees. Perhaps no British musician during this present century has exerted so wide and beneficial an influence throughout the country as Macfarren. The number of those indebted to him, either through his office as teacher, or through his writings, must be enormous; and by these he will ever be remembered with feelings of deepest gratitude. Able to look back upon nearly six years of close connection with him as one of his pupils at the Royal Academy of Music, I now recall with saddened pleasure his countless acts of kindness, his happy and essentially friendly method of imparting his vast knowledge to those under his care, and his especial faculty of winning the regard and warm affection of those who came into contact with him.

Macfarren had a strong constitution, which enabled him to get through an enormous quantity of work. Up to the last, he often used to be at the Academy as early as nine o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, nearly always walking from his residence in Hamilton Terrace. Each succeeding fortnight would find him at the Saturday evening meetings of professors and students in the concert-room of the Academy, encouraging by his presence the young performers. On Saturday evening, the 29th October, he attended the fortnightly meeting as usual, no one then dreaming of the end that was so soon to come. On Sunday, when out walking, he had a fall, and on Monday, after complaining of feeling unwell, he passed away suddenly, but peacefully, almost in the midst of his labours.

The funeral took place at one o'clock on Saturday, the 5th ult., at Hampstead Cemetery, the "quiet spot" of his own desire, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and sympathizers. The coffin and funeral car were literally covered with most beautiful wreaths, many sent as tokens of respect and sorrow from loving pupils of the master.

At three o'clock a Special Commemorative Service was held in Westminster Abbey, and those who were present will long remember it as one of the most impressive ceremonies at which they have ever assisted. Much of the music was selected from Macfarren's own works, including that tenderly beautiful anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

During the service Sir John Goss' anthem, "Brother, thou art gone before us," was most affectingly rendered, after which, the two concluding prayers of the Burial Service intervening, was sung Ellerton's hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er," with that touching refrain, which brought the tears into many eyes:

"Father, in Thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

At the conclusion of the service, Dr. Bridge played the "Dead March" in "Saul," the congregation standing.

Finally, we cannot do better than echo the words of Dean Bradley, who, in the course of an eloquent address, said: "He had achieved much, but above all had set an example of gentleness and kindness, and with perseverance, industry, and courage had made splendid use of the great talents which God had lent him, and had triumphed in a heroic manner over one of the severest trials to which the body could be subject."

CHAS. STEWART MACPHERSON, A.R.A.M.



## Jenny Lind.



LONG before the Magazine can reach the hands of our readers, most of them will have gathered from the daily papers the records of Jenny Lind's public life; and for some among them, the light of other days will have brought back a flash of the vivid glow, the passionate enthusiasm, which those records faintly shadow forth. Few artists have the power, and fewer still the resolution, to retire from the scene of their triumphs while still pre-eminent. Generally the great stars wax and wane like the seasons, and the world regretfully perceives the glory departing; but Jenny Lind's glory knew no decadence,—those who heard that wonderful voice in opera or oratorio preserve the memory unimpaired.

To many now living, the personality of Jenny Lind remains, ever young, and surrounded by that bright halo which marks a delight placed just beyond our reach.

The one question of the day was, "Have you heard her?" "What do you think of her?" needed no utterance. Her face and figure, even in those pre-photographic days, were familiar to all, through the pictorial papers, from the *Illustrated London News* downward. She unconsciously named as many articles of daily usage as Garibaldi or Mr. Gladstone. Her manner and style of dress received the compliment of imitation; and for once the truth was generally recognised, that beauty of expression has a higher charm than beauty of feature.

But in truth the great singer well deserved the general worship; not only her natural gifts, but her single-minded devotion to her art, had earned it all. The deepest secret of her power was unconsciously exercised; her own worship of the Beautiful, the intensity of her own passion, was the electric spark that kindled an answering flame in every heart. She was in earnest,—not for herself, but for Beauty and Truth.

Jenny Lind was born at Stockholm on October 6th, 1820. Her father was a teacher of languages, her mother a schoolmistress. Her home does not appear to have been happy, for we are told that "she sought and found in music a little world of her own, in which she could forget the entire absence of true motherly affection, and the many other troubles of her

dismal home." She sang before she could speak, and her voice, even in her fourth year, had a tone, power, and sweetness perhaps never before heard at such a tender age. She began to study music in earnest, at nine years old, under the Director of the School of Singing attached to the Court Theatre. In her twelfth year she entirely lost her voice for a time, and it is said that one of the professors discouraged any hope of its return. But whatever disappointment she may have felt, she continued her study of music with undiminished energy, turning her attention to harmony and pianoforte playing, and receiving much help from Herr Berg, one of the professors. In a year's time the beautiful voice returned; and when sixteen she was able at a moment's notice to sing the music of Alice in the fourth act of "Robert le Diable" at a concert, and almost immediately afterwards made her first public appearance as Agatha in "Der Freischütz," followed by Alice, Euryanthe, and Julia in Spontini's "Vestale." If genius be, as some one has defined it, "an infinite capacity for taking pains," the young Jenny Lind possessed it in a marvellous degree; for at sixteen she was able to play and sing from memory the whole of Gluck's "Armida," Spontini's "Vestale," Cherubini's "Deux Journées," the operas of Mozart and Weber, the oratorios of Haydn, and the melodies of Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and that with true artistic comprehension. In this earnest study and absorbed devotion to her art lies another secret of her unprecedented success. A significant lesson for all artists.

She remained in Stockholm till 1841, though her fame travelled to Germany and France; and as Paris was then considered, according to Heine, "not simply the capital of France, but of the whole civilized world, and the meeting-place of its intellectual notabilities," Jenny Lind went thither, aided by some of her friends, and studied for nine months under Manuel Garcia. Her principal object was to correct the inequality of her voice, which was a soprano of two octaves, from D to D, very brilliant in the upper, but veiled in the lower notes. Sir Julius Benedict says: "She succeeded in making her naturally harsh and unbending organ supple and pliant. To acquire, by dint of unceasing study, the most perfect shake; to blend the different registers of her voice so skilfully as effectually to conceal any break; to execute passages and runs with a full, rich tone, instead of the thin, wiry quality which generally belongs to bravura singers; to be infallible in her intonation,—these were the great aims she accomplished."

Garcia warmly recommended her to the Director of the Paris Opera; but though he heard her sing, he offered her no engagement, being withheld, it is said, by an undue partiality for another prima donna. Jenny Lind showed some pique at this slight, and would never accept any offer from Paris in after years, though often repeated.

Meyerbeer, among many others, heard her in Paris, and invited her to Berlin, where she made her debut in "Norma," in December 1844, but created her chief sensation in Meyerbeer's "Feldlager in Schlesien," better known in altered form as "L'Étoile du Nord." Of her performance in this opera, Moscheles said: "Jenny Lind has fairly enchanted me. She is unique in her way, and her song with two concertante flutes is perhaps the most incredible feat in the way of bravura singing that can possibly be heard. What a glorious singer she is! and so unpretentious withal."

In the interval between her study in Paris and her debut in Berlin, Jenny Lind again visited the North, singing in Stockholm and Copenhagen, and studying German. After

Berlin she visited Hamburg, Cologne, Coblenz, Frankfurt, and other German towns, her fame growing rapidly. In December 1845 she went to Leipzig, singing under Mendelssohn's direction at the Gewandhaus concerts, and made a profound impression. Mendelssohn says: "In my whole life I have never seen an artistic nature, so noble, so genuine, so true, as that of Jenny Lind. Natural gifts, study, and depth of feeling, I have never seen united in the same degree, and although one of those qualities may have been more prominent in other persons, the combination of all three has never existed before." It will be seen that while critics, after their colder fashion, measured out and carefully modified their praise, musicians were quite carried away by Jenny's genius. Her friendship with the Mendelssohn family, as might be expected, was close and lasting. The great master and most lovable of men found a kindred spirit in the singer, for whom he wrote the soprano music in the "Elijah," though she could not be persuaded to sing it at the Birmingham Festival of 1846.

By this time the London impresarios were fully alive to the desirability of engaging the Swedish Nightingale; but it was a work of time and difficulty to secure her. The woes of Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane, in 1845, will be remembered by many. He was first in the field, and had actually prevailed upon Jenny Lind to sign an agreement with him, when Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's, made an offer which she was persuaded to accept; and the struggle between the rival houses, though serious enough to the managers, afforded much amusement to the public, and served still further to excite their anxiety to see and hear the Nightingale when she actually arrived. Mr. Lumley had to pay heavily for his prize, but was probably amply repaid in the end. Mr. Chorley says: "From the first moment till the end of that season nothing else was thought about, nothing else talked about, but the new Alice, the new Sonnambula, the new Maria in Donizetti's charming opera. Pages could be filled by describing the excesses of the public. Since the days when the world fought for hours at the pit-doors to see the seventh farewell of Siddons, nothing had been seen in the least approaching the scenes at the entrance of the theatre where Mdle. Lind sang. In short, the town, sacred or profane, went mad about the Swedish nightingale."

The excitement was intense, and long before the evening of 4th May 1847 all places were taken, at prices prohibitory to the rank and file of the musical army. It is really painful to think how many were disappointed, for the truest art lovers are often impecunious, and the brilliant season was all too short. The first appearance in London was as Alice in "Robert le Diable." With Jenny Lind were Gardoni, Lablache, and Staudigl. The other performers were not up to the mark. And at Covent Garden was a whole galaxy of celebrities. But Jenny Lind was triumphant over all difficulties. She was equally successful as Maria in "Figlia del Reggimento," and especially as Anima and Lucia.

The following are the words of Sir Julius Benedict:—"Who, having seen Jenny Lind in 'Lucia,' can ever forget the expression of mental agony, the fixed look of threatening insanity, the stifled voice of a heart rent in twain by despair, and rising to an almost painful climax of hopeless passion, or her last scene, when, in her madness, she was recalling the vows of her lover and her own dream of happiness? . . . Where she stood, however, alone and unrivalled, and where the most difficult judge could hardly detect a flaw, was in the part of Alice and of the



Figlia. The whole conception of the simple French peasant girl was a histrionic and musical achievement such as has rarely been seen or heard. In another style, similar praise must be awarded to the representation of the adopted daughter of the regiment. Every nuance, from mutinous archness to the most emphatic expression of grief; a variety of vocal effects—now a dazzling display of bravura, now an unassuming melody—left no room for criticism."

When her first London season was over, Jenny Lind was brilliantly successful in the provinces. The following season was even better than the first. But meanwhile the death of the lamented Mendelssohn had taken place, and had greatly saddened Jenny Lind, who took the principal part in a tribute to his memory, namely the performance of the "Elijah" at Exeter Hall, the receipts from which exceeded £1700, and led to the foundation of a Mendelssohn scholarship,—the first scholar elected being our English favourite Arthur Sullivan. She afterwards took the same part at Birmingham, and there are many living still who remember how the tears streamed from her eyes, as with impassioned fervour she sang the lovely phrase at the close of the great duet—"Oh, blessed are they who fear Him!"

For various reasons, the great singer, now in the very prime of womanhood and power, determined to retire from the stage; and although she agreed to take part in six grand classical performances at Her Majesty's Theatre (*i.e.* six recitals of opera, without scenery, dresses, or decorations)—only one of which was given, as the public resentfully stayed away; and though she afterwards appeared on the stage in a series of farewell performances,—yet she remained firm to her resolve, and on 18th May 1849, in the very zenith of her popularity, she quitted the stage for ever. Her reasons for this have been much discussed, and will perhaps be made plain when her memoirs shall be written.

If the artist was lost to the general public, the woman found her life's happiness in the American tour which followed under P. Barnum's flourishing management; for in America she met Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the composer and pianist, and in 1852 became his wife. Since then the world has seen and heard but little of Jenny Lind, but Madame Goldschmidt has done good service to music in many ways, and has fulfilled a true woman's mission as wife, mother, and friend. Truth was her special characteristic; she always produced her very best, no matter what the occasion or the audience.

Madame Goldschmidt was buried at Malvern on Saturday, 5th November 1887. A large assembly of friends and thousands of spectators were present. Floral tributes were sent from all parts of the kingdom; two of them from the Queen and Princess Christian, who was a personal friend. The Queen and Princess were also represented by Sir R. M. Biddulph and Mr. Ducane. Among the wreaths was one of myrtle, made up from a tree planted thirty years ago by Jenny Lind, from a twig out of her wedding-wreath, and this was placed on her coffin by her husband.

## A Christmas Tragedy.



ONE Christmas morning the stillness of a little village on the coast of Normandy, known as the French Colony, was broken by the long roll of a drum. What could it mean!

The man who was so vigorously plying the sticks to the tightened sheep-skin appeared to be about forty years of age. His visage bore the marks of one who had suffered and resisted unhappiness, until compelled to accept it. With the sticks clutched between his long, thin fingers, he continued his work until a circle of curious villagers had gathered around him; then making a profound gesture of salutation, he addressed them:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the honour to announce to you that the Parontée Family have arrived in this village. They have located their theatre here, and will give this evening their first performance. Reserved seats, five sous. To those who stand on the outside of the circle, we shall appeal to their generosity."

Giving another long roll of the drum as a parting salute, he left the crowd and was soon out of sight.

The evening has arrived.

On a little spot of earth protected by the outspreading branches of a cluster of tall trees, the "Parontée Family" have established their camp. The troupe consists of father, mother, and a young daughter of fourteen summers. They travel from village to village in a waggon resembling a little one-storey house on wheels, which is dragged along by an old emaciated horse.

And such a theatre! Before the waggon, stretched on two poles, is a weather-beaten piece of canvas, upon which is daubed a representation of a "drawing-room." The stage is in the open air, immediately in front of the drawing-room scene. A circle is formed around it by planks which rest upon little tressels, and constitutes the reserved seats referred to. As the

hour for commencement draws near, the spectators laugh at the idea of witnessing an opera in the open air, while the poor comedian, who has put on his suit of black—and such black!—is made the subject of ridicule, as he busies himself in finding seats for those who have come late. Then he turns his attention to the lamps which are perched upon stakes driven in the ground, and which often need re-lighting; and finally, he is first cheered and then laughed at as he puts the small boy out who inevitably manages to secrete himself under the seats. In the space between the drawing-room scene and the waggon, the young girl is scraping out in a melancholy sort of way an operatic air upon the violin.

This is the orchestra.

Mr. Parontée, who proves to be no other than the drummer of the morning, continues to frisk about, first here, then there, keeping an eye upon all the details, and in the meantime giving vent to some very coarse witticisms, which amuse the simple villagers and which are even laughed at by the Parisians; for, after all, they have good hearts and can at least make believe that the scene is elegant! Some time has passed. The play has not commenced. The audience grow very impatient. Parontée is in the waggon, and his voice is heard crying loudly,—

"A few moments of patience, ladies and gentlemen, and we will commence with the operetta of the *Irritable Mother* musical comedy in one act," and in a much lower voice—"Let us have courage! It is necessary to make some excuse. The audience are waiting."

The public little dreamed what a terrible drama was taking place in that waggon behind the drawing-room at which they were laughing!

At last a little bell is rung, and the opera commences. Parontée makes his appearance. His eyes are red and swollen. The spectators shout "Bravo!" "Bravo!"

The poor comedian essays the rôle of the old man Bocason, and recounts, with strong grimaces, that he has been to the wedding of his friend "Pop," and that for several days he has been absent from his home. "What will Mrs. Bocason say?"

Mrs. Bocason (who is Mrs. Parontée) enters. Poor woman! she is to be pitied instead of laughed at. Age has given a colour unknown to her shabby dress, which is patched in twenty places. The unhappy woman has a horrified expression—her sight is dimmed by the scalding tears which are flowing down her cheeks. She must reply to her husband. The audience begin to think it fine acting. Round after round of applause. Outbursts of laughter, intermingled with cries of "superb,"—"Bravo, Parontée!" follow, while the poor man is only concealing behind those grimaces emotions of bitter, truthful tragedy. How long the moments seemed to him! They were hours of agony!

"Mother! mother! come—quick!" cries the daughter from the waggon.

Mrs. Parontée rushes off the stage in answer to the call. The audience become extremely enthusiastic.

Parontée went on with his "turn," but the terrible ordeal through which he was passing was fast breaking him down. He left the stage. Returning almost immediately, he commenced a rôle of truthful sadness:—



"Ladies and gentlemen,—The opera is finished. We cannot continue—my child is dying!"

The miserable man, sobbing like a child, could say no more.

On the floor of that waggon-home was spread a pallet, on which was extended a little boy of twelve years. He was dying.

Within this waggon the poor child had been lying sick for a whole year—growing weaker and weaker, until now his life was passing little by little away. Nothing could save him now. The tender embraces of his mother were of no avail.

To the comedians this boy was their pride—their all. They loved and adored him.

From village to village, in their constant travels the little sick boy had always followed, resting upon his couch in the waggon.

The next day the waggon moved slowly along, drawn by the poor old horse, but this time it was transformed into a funeral car, with the hope of the comedian lying cold and dead amidst the implements of his profession! The father, mother, and sister followed with bowed heads, performing their rôles as pall-bearers in the last act of that tragic musical comedy!

LE ROY.

## The Humours of a Country Choir.

It must not be supposed that our Loutsham choir, of which I propose to give some little account, has anything in common with those wonderful country choirs that we read of in Sunday story-books,—choirs which are invariably composed of dear little boys in clean white surplices, who sing the most elaborate anthems in angelic soprano voices till they die of consumption in the last chapter. No; we do not pretend to be anything but an ordinary uninteresting bucolic little choir. We have never aspired to part-singing, but all shout, scream, mumble, or whisper in what we are pleased to call "unison." Instead of an organ we have a harmonium of capricious and uncertain temper, which, like a gouty old gentleman, is much affected by changes in the weather. This harmonium is played by me, while Robert leads the singing. Robert is curate in charge of Loutsham, and I am his sister.

I am afraid our choir is what in sporting circles would be termed "a scratch lot," consisting as it does of one full-grown man, three hobbledehoyes, one married woman, and five or six young persons who put in an occasional appearance, when they have any new article of apparel to exhibit. Our full-grown man has earned, and not undeservedly, the *sobriquet* of "Singing Tom." Wherever anything musical is going forward, either in the village or the neighbourhood, there, in the thick of it, is "Singing Tom." I regret to say that when grand functions take place at the dissenting chapel, Tom allows himself and his voice to be borrowed for the occasion. But then the Loutsham people are anything but bigoted in their religious opinions. Their usual method of spending Sunday is to lie in bed all the morning, attend church in the afternoon, and chapel in the evening.

It must be allowed that Singing Tom is a little trying at times, by reason of the intense pride and pleasure he takes in his own performance. He possesses a voice which would

render him invaluable on board ship in a storm, but which is apt to be somewhat overwhelming in our tiny church. We could ill spare Tom, however, for when, as sometimes happens, none of the other members of the choir attend, he is more than sufficient in himself.

Our married lady, a farmeress of some standing in the village, prides herself upon being the only one among us who is able to "go up to G." It is true that in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and the *Village Chant-book*, beyond which we never aspire, high G is not called for; still we have the satisfaction of knowing that it will be forthcoming if at any time it should be required. The lady's upper register is, indeed, of the most ear-piercing and far-reaching quality; and when she does get upon a high note, she dwells upon it, and cannot bear to leave go of it, just for all the world as if she were a genuine prima donna who wanted to bring down the house.

I have already said that we are supposed to sing in unison, but Albert Bates, the eldest of our three hobbledehoyes, forms quite unintentionally an exception to this rule. He is at that awkward age when the man's voice has not entirely come, nor the boy's voice wholly gone, and consequently he varies with the most startling rapidity from high treble to basso-profondo, and back again. His singing reminds one strongly of those ventriloquist entertainments where a gentleman in the chimney holds a polite conversation with a gentleman in the cellar.

As for the young ladies who from time to time grace the choir with their presence, they belong for the most part to the dressmaking profession, and are far too genteel to open their mouths, or make more noise than so many singing-mice. On one occasion, however, a tall-hatted, tight-waisted young person took it into her frizzly head to sing with the full strength of her lungs, and not only that, but invented such extraordinary variations to the hymn which we were practising, that Robert was obliged to take his courage in both hands, and mildly observe, "Edith Bell, I think you have not quite caught the melody."

The consequences were disastrous. Edith Bell burst into a flood of tears, and, when next heard of, had gone over to dissent.

Poor Robert, I believe his conscience has never ceased to reproach him for the harshness which caused this false-bleating lamb to be lost to his fold.

Next to tune, our greatest difficulty is time. The choir has a predilection for singing with a deliberation that is almost maddening. However slowly I play, it sings slower, so that there is usually an interval of at least a beat between the harmonium and the voices. Robert, with his usual conscientiousness, tries to constitute himself the missing link, and to sing half a beat behind me and half a beat in front of the choir. His efforts in this direction always reminded me of the story of the American lady, who, wishing to keep step with her husband, calculated that one and a half of her steps equalled one of his, and the next time they walked out together, enraged him by apparently dancing the polka down the street.

The rivalry, or rather the superiority of the musical arrangements at the neighbouring village of Slosham Market, is a constant source of annoyance to us at our choir practices.

Slosham Market is a much larger and more important place than poor little Loutsham, and has a real organ and organist, and a dozen little boys in real white surplices. When, therefore, at one of our practices any dispute arises as to the correct interpretation of a hymn or chant,

and the fiat goes forth, "They allus does it like that at Slosham Market," Robert and I know that appeal will be unavailing.

Any one who has had anything to do with the conducting of village services will bear witness to the extraordinary fatality by which things invariably go wrong on all special or important occasions. At our last Harvest Festival, for example, a most annoying incident occurred. We had taken great pains with the decorations, knowing that our parishioners like to see the church "well trimmed-up," as they express it; and the success of our labours was such, that the interior of the building looked like a miniature Covent Garden Market. We were rewarded by the attendance of a large and brilliant congregation, including several strangers, or, to use the local phrase, "out-town's people." All went smoothly enough till the middle of that popular harvest hymn, "We plough the fields and sca-a-ter," when, to my horror, a gorgeous green and yellow pumpkin, which had been perched upon a window-sill above the harmonium, fell with a fearful crash upon the keys, striking a magnificent chord, though not exactly of the keynote. Not a single member of the choir smiled; to their honour be it spoken. On the contrary, consternation and dismay were depicted on all faces, particularly upon that of Singing Tom, who had "raised" the pumpkin, and lent it for the occasion. Of course the remaining verses of the hymn were sung amid general confusion, and the entire effect of our Harvest Festival was irretrievably spoilt.

A still more vexatious incident occurred when the Archdeacon came to spend a Sunday with us. Poor Robert, who had written a most excellent sermon for the occasion, lost his spectacles down the inside of the harmonium. As he is as blind as a bat, he was unable to get beyond the text of the sermon without them. The churchwarden, seeing his difficulty, solemnly mounted the pulpit stairs, and offered his own horn-rimmed "gig-lamps." Unfortunately these were only adapted for "long old sight," and were consequently useless. During the next few minutes, ten or twelve persons stepped up and offered their glasses, till at length Robert found a pair which suited his own particular range of vision. I believe that the Archdeacon was the only person present who failed to maintain the most absolute gravity during this ceremony.

The latest incident of any importance which has taken place in connection with the choir, has been the cause of much puzzling to both Robert and me. It must be understood that the difference between the chancel and the nave in Loutsham church is, that the occupants of the former kneel, while those of the latter do not. Robert and I, by means of spelling-competitions, which almost cost us both an attack of brain-fever, recently provided every pew in the church with hassocks, but I regret to say that the congregation in general seemed ignorant of the use to which these should be put, for they took them up and sat upon them. We are therefore all the more particular that the members of the choir should kneel, and I was much annoyed, a Sunday or two ago, to see that James Dunn, one of our hobbledehoyes, was sitting bolt upright during the prayers. Now James, as a rule, is a boy of most exemplary behaviour, but on this occasion, in spite of the most dramatic gesticulations on my part, he continued to sit. After service, as the delinquent was able to give no better explanation of his behaviour than the stereotyped Loutsham answer to all inconvenient question, "I dawns't knaw," he was ignominiously dismissed from the choir.

The next morning up came James' mother, primed with apology and explanation.



"You'll excuse our common ways, miss," she began. "James, he didn't like to tell you himself, but the real downright truth of the matter is"—lowering her voice mysteriously—"he'd got a paper collar on, and so he couldn't kneel."

I was quite taken in by the apparent plausibility of the excuse.

"Pray tell James that I quite understand," I said, "and shall hope to see him in his usual place next Sunday. Only see that he wears a linen collar in future."

"Oh yes, miss," replied James' mother. "He've only got one paper collar, and he shall keep that for chapel of an evening. They don't expect 'em to kneel there."

I was much rejoiced at this whitewashing, as I considered it, of James' character. When, however, I gave Robert an account of this interview, he, with his usual power of going straight to the root of matters, observed,—

"But I fail to see the connection between paper collars and a kneeling posture. If we had requested James to stand on his head now, the excuse might not have been without validity."

Robert always does express himself so beautifully. I could only urge in reply, that as we had neither of us ever tried kneeling in paper collars, we could not tell what unforeseen difficulties might lie in the way of a due performance of this feat. As James' offence has been condoned, and himself reinstated in the choir, we hardly like to ask him for any further explanation of the matter, which I fear, therefore, will never now be cleared up.

## Dr. Hans von Bülow.

BY CARL BERNHARD.

THERE are few names, the mere mention of which calls forth such a host of utterly irreconcilable opinions as that of Hans von Bülow. We know that religious wars are conducted with a bitterness of spirit, the natural consequences of which are destruction of life and property; and music, that glorious art which should only serve to raise our feelings and ennoble our characters, is, too often, the occasion of feuds which wreck the lives, and, it may be, break the hearts of many of her followers.

Two other names are closely bound up with that of Bülow, namely, Wagner's and Liszt's. Who has not heard of Bülow's so-called eccentricities? How many, however, have formed, or attempted to form any opinion as to the circumstances which gave rise to them? That Bülow possesses a highly-irritable nervous organization no one who knows him will feel inclined to deny. In his correspondence with Lasalle, the latter writes to him: "You powder magazine, you need to be always on your guard against an explosion."

All characters, however, are not constituted exactly alike—indeed, were this the case, how insufferably dull this world of ours would prove!

It is in the new school of music, the music of the future, as Wagner christened it, that we must seek the principal reason for the ill-odour into which Bülow, as an individual, has been brought.

Hans Guido von Bülow, son of the poet Carl Eduard von Bülow, was born in Dresden, Jan. 8, 1830. In Bülow, as in Wagner, no distinct talent for music was to be discerned during his early years. At the age of ten he became the pupil of Franz Wieck, the father of Clara

Schumann. He could not have had a better opportunity for laying the foundation of that technical facility which was to distinguish him in after years. In harmony and counterpoint he received instruction from Carl Eberwein.

In 1846 he entered the Stuttgart Gymnasium, and here made his first public appearance as a pianist, although he had not, as yet, any intention of becoming a member of the musical profession. In 1848 he became a law student at the Leipzig University, but, at the same time, continued with his studies in composition under Hauptmann. At length, in the following year, when he was prosecuting his law studies in Berlin, he first entertained seriously the idea of giving up his proposed profession, and devoting himself entirely to music. True, objections to this step were raised by his parents, but these he had no doubt of being able eventually to overcome.

Berlin, like the rest of Europe, was passing through troubled times, and the young, hot-blooded Bülow was completely carried away by the political occurrences of that epoch. His political opinions found vent in the columns of the democratic newspaper *Die Abendpost*. In this journal, also, he first expressed his views on those new musical theories which, in after life, were to bring him so many troubles and disappointments. It is stated that the enthusiasm inspired in him by a performance of "Lohengrin" gave the deciding stroke to his fate, and caused him to take the firm resolution to devote himself to music as a profession.

He set off for Zürich, where Wagner, whom he had known in Dresden, then resided, and for a time continued his studies under his direction. After a period of activity as Kapellmeister at Zürich and St. Gall, Bülow betook himself to Liszt at Weimar. In the following year, 1852, he laid the foundation-stone of his professional career at the musical festival at Ballenstedt. He now began a series of concert tours, giving recitals in Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Pesth, and many other cities, settling down, finally, in Berlin in 1854.

In addition to his work as pianoforte teacher at the Stern Conservatoire, he gave numerous concerts in Berlin itself and other places, besides conducting performances of chamber-music, in which he developed remarkable talent as leader of an orchestra. He by no means relaxed his literary activity, but enriched the world of letters with his highly-interesting *Reisebriefe*, which present him in the guise of an unusually keen observer both of countries and of nations.

Meanwhile he showed, in the exercise of his profession, that he had become a devoted disciple of the new school of music. It has been asserted that this was caused by the personal influence of Wagner and Liszt. Why not look at the matter from the other side, and say that Bülow would never have sought the friendship of these two men, if he had not been first attracted by their genius and converted by their theories? Enough that from this time his troubles began.

Bülow had hitherto been received with the greatest enthusiasm both by the public and the critics of Berlin. It had been the undivided opinion that, since Liszt, no such distinguished musician had made his appearance in the Prussian capital.

Suddenly, however, the critics became aware that Bülow was a friend of Wagner's and a favourite pupil of Liszt's, whereupon coldness and reserve took the place of their former unqualified admiration. He played more brilliantly than ever, but tokens of dissatisfaction were not wanting as soon as he declared himself enrolled under the banner of the music of the future.

About this time an event occurred which proved a turning-point in Bülow's career, and rendered it impossible for him to remain in Berlin. In 1859 Bülow conducted a symphonic poem by Liszt, called "Die Ideale." At the end of the performance sounds of hissing were heard among the audience. The hissing was by no means universal, nevertheless Bülow had the audacity to address the audience in the following terms:—"I request the gentlemen who hiss to leave the hall; it is not customary to hiss."

The audience took this observation quietly enough, the hall did not become apparently emptier,—a proof that the hisses were in the minority,—and the remainder of the concert passed off amid the stormiest applause. This circumstance, however, created a great sensation, and gave rise to much discussion as to whether Bülow was justified in attempting to restrain an expression of opinion on the part of the audience.

As Bülow's whole career is so closely bound up with the new school and its founders, it may not be out of place here to devote a little space to a brief survey of the "music of the future."

Was there not a time in Vienna, when, after the first performance of Beethoven's "Lenore" overture people were not wanting who declared that this masterpiece was nonsensical, formless, and lacking in ideas? Why should it surprise us, therefore, if, in later days, the works of Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner were in their turn attacked? Like Beethoven, they too, amid continual strife, misunderstanding, and opposition, have, step by step, conquered their own domain. Schubert and Schumann went down in the struggle, and what prospect was there for Wagner and Liszt that they, in the end, should triumph over all obstacles?

Beethoven had long received the fullest recognition, and now the chief reproach cast against the new doctrines was, that they did not adhere closely enough to the traditions of Beethoven and Mozart. And yet this is certainly no defect. If a work is animated by the spirit of Beethoven, but, at the same time, is of independent growth, and belongs to a school of its own, is that any reason why it should be met with opposition or condemnation? We do not find that the same prejudice exists with regard to the sister arts. When the painters of the present day depart, as is too often the case, both in form and colour from the traditions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Rembrandt, we do not on that account reject their pictures. We praise or blame them, accordingly, as in our judgment they deserve praise or blame. Do we refuse to acknowledge the poets who have flourished since Shakespeare and Milton, simply because they cannot stand on an equality with the greater masters?

What do we see before us? Two men, Wagner and Liszt, who have devoted their best years to the propagation of the new theories, to whom the acquisition of wealth has been a matter of indifference, who, both in word and deed, have stood by the younger disciples of their art, and who have always been animated by a genuine enthusiasm for all that is noble and beautiful.

We see these two on the one side. What has the other to offer us? Critics who, as often as not, would be better suited to any other profession than that to which they are called, and who refuse even to hear the works which they so unequivocally condemn. "It is enough for us," they say, "that these works belong to the new school; that is the clearest possible proof of their worthlessness." Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that the young, enthusiastic, hot-headed Bülow



should have lost his temper, and forgotten both himself and his good manners.

"Justice, justice!" cries Bülow, "hear before you condemn. I only demand that which once was granted even to the lowliest."

And who has a better right to speak than Bülow? How much easier his life would have been, if he had thought of nothing but the best way in which to fill his pockets! He was at that time, and indeed still is, considered one of the most distinguished virtuosi of the day. As an interpreter of the music of Beethoven and Bach he stands unrivalled, and the same may be said of his talent as an orchestral conductor.

In 1864, Bülow migrated to Munich, where for some years he found a sphere of activity such as he desired. It should here be mentioned that, in the preceding year, he had received his degree as Doctor of Music from the University of Jena. Brilliant performances of "Tristan and Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger" took place at Munich under his direction. Besides receiving the appointment of Court pianist to King Ludwig II., he also became the Principal of the Music School. In June 1866 he left Munich suddenly, and after staying for a short time in Berlin and Basle, returned to Munich in 1867. Here he resumed his former duties, but only retained his post until the year 1869. Family affairs, into which we need not here enter, obliged him to throw up his appointment and withdraw to Italy. He lived for several years at Florence in the strictest retirement, devoting himself entirely to his studies.

We all know the peculiar feelings which many people experience when they look down from a high elevation. People who have never occupied themselves with thoughts of suicide feel impelled to risk a leap, which could have but one issue. It may be that when Bülow stands before the public, he feels as though it were not enough to play with inspiration, but is irresistibly impelled to break out into speech. A lady who is closely connected with Bülow once declared that she always suffered from nervous excitement at his concerts, for fear lest the most trivial incident should induce him to speak.

At one of his pianoforte recitals, it so happened that a lady sitting in the front row beat time to the music with her fan—a not very commendable trick, however much inspired she may have been. Bülow soon showed signs of irritation, and as the lady continued industriously to beat the time, he left off playing, and turning quietly to her, said ironically,—

"Excuse me, madame, but you are not beating the correct time. I am playing ♩, while you are beating ♩ time." Tableau!

The next occasion on which Bülow made a speech at a concert happened some years ago in Berlin. Most of the readers will remember the circumstance, as it raised a great disturbance at the time. will, however, repeat a few of the details. Bülow had played the overture to the "Prophète" at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Long-continued applause followed, which Bülow acknowledged in these terms,—

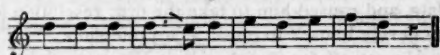
"Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to thank you for your applause. In my performance of the overture I had but one object in view. I wished to show that it ought not to be played as I heard it yesterday at the 'Circus Huelsen.'"

Fearful excitement was the result of this speech. I must explain, for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the musical affairs of Berlin, that von Huelsen was the superintendent of the royal theatres, and that consequently Bülow had bestowed the name of "circus" upon the Imperial Opera House.

Bülow was at the time generally condemned, at least for the means he took to gain his end, although, on the other hand, there were not wanting many who substantially agreed with him. During the course of years many old abuses had become established at the Royal Opera House, which could only be swept away by the most drastic measures. Bülow's words were not without their effect. For a time efforts were made towards improvement, but these soon relaxed, and things went on the same as before. That Bülow had right on his side was eventually proved, when von Huelsen's successor, Graf Hochberg, dismissed the Kapellmeisters, caused certain operas to be newly studied, and in various other ways infused fresh life into the arrangements.

We may here narrate the sequel to this affair, in which Bülow is again presented from a humorous point of view.

Three years later, Bülow, although in possession of a ticket, was refused admission to the Opera House by Graf Hochberg. The reason for this action has not yet been given, and will probably never now come to light. It is possible that after such a *faux pas*, silence recommends itself as the best policy. Bülow gave a pianoforte recital the day after the occurrence, at which he received a tumultuous ovation. This reached a climax, however, when, between two other pieces, he played the beginning of the air from "Le Nozze di Figaro":—



Se vuol bal- la- re, Sig- nor Con- ti- no.  
And so, lord count, you'd fain dance a mea- sure.

But we had left Bülow at his studies in Florence. He finally quitted Italy in order to enter once again upon a series of concert tours. In the course of his travels he came to England, and in 1875 to America, exciting wherever he went the greatest admiration. In addition to his extraordinary technique and the genius of his conception, he possesses an almost fabulous power of memory. Among other proofs of the latter, I may remind my readers of the concerts at which he played seven of Beethoven's sonatas in one evening. The patience of the audience under these circumstances, is scarcely less worthy of admiration than the memory of the player.

The following bon-mot of Bülow's bears evidence to his artistic conscientiousness:—

"If I omit to practise one day, I notice a difference in my playing; if two days, my friends notice it; if three days, my enemies notice it." Here again may be remarked the touch of sarcasm which is so characteristic of the man.

After holding the appointment of Kapellmeister at Hanover from 1879 to 1880, he was called to Meiningen to take the direction of the Meiningen orchestra. During the years 1881 and 1882, he made concert tours with this famous orchestra, which added to his reputation as one of the first conductors of the day.

The ensemble attained by this orchestra was so remarkable, that Bülow on various occasions laid his *bâton* aside, and left the players to themselves without the performance in any way suffering thereby. Bülow has thus proved that it is possible for an energetic conductor to train a body of fifty or more players to such perfection of ensemble, that they become quite independent of the leader's *bâton*.

However strict Bülow may have shown himself in his character of a conductor, all who have played under his direction unite in speaking of him in terms of the highest enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the above-narrated "Circus Huelsen" affair at Berlin obliged him to give up his appointment at Meiningen. At the same time he ceased to bear the title of "Court pianist."

The following comical scene occurred during Bülow's residence at Meiningen:—

"At one of the rehearsals the player of the drum was working away at his instrument with great energy, when Bülow stopped the orchestra, and called to him to play 'forte.' The passage was repeated, and the drummer redoubled his efforts. Bülow, however, brought the orchestra to standstill again, and shouted 'Forte.' The same scene was repeated, with the same result, except that this time the drummer belaboured his instrument as if he wished to test the quality of the parchment. At length Bülow roared, at the top of his voice, 'Forte, I said; not fortissimo.'"

*A propos* of Bülow's remarkable powers of memory, many of my readers may not be aware that when he has once read through a piece of music he is able to play it from memory on the piano.

Although, since he gave up his appointment at Meiningen, Bülow has held no permanent post as conductor, he has not lacked invitations to undertake the direction of orchestral concerts and operatic performances. He lately received a most flattering proposal from Hamburg to conduct, during this winter, a series of twenty operas and ten subscription concerts. Among the former is the *Cyclus* of Mozart's operas, given in celebration of the centenary of the first performance of "Don Giovanni."

Bülow's well-known readiness to give his aid in support of various institutions caused him an unpleasant experience about a year ago. He had undertaken to conduct a concert at Prague for the benefit of a Bohemian concert company. This generous deed, however, was turned to his discredit in so malicious a manner, that on his next appearance at Dresden he was greeted with a veritable storm of indignation. The accusation of want of patriotism which was brought against him he refuted in an energetic article which went the round of the newspapers.

Bülow has proved his talent as a composer in works which are the natural outgrowth of the Wagner-Liszt school. The following are among the most important of his original compositions:—Op. 20, "Nirvana," a symphonic picture; the music to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar;" op. 16, a setting of Uhland's ballad, "Des Sängers Fluch;" character pieces for orchestra, a number of songs, and nine albums of pianoforte music. In addition to these, we may mention his arrangements, with fingering, of works by Bach, Handel, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Scarlatti, etc., as well as transcriptions of pieces by Wagner and Liszt; and lastly, his pianoforte arrangement of "Tristan and Isolde," and the overture to "Die Meistersinger."

As so much of his time is taken up by concert-giving, Bülow is only able to occupy himself with teaching during a few months in the year. This short period he generously devotes to a rising institution at Frankfurt-am-Main; the director of which, Max Schwarz, was formerly the first teacher of the Hoch Conservatoire in the same town. This conservatoire was for many years, indeed ever since its foundation, under the direction of Joachim Raff. After Raff's sudden death in 1882, dissensions arose, and the principal teachers left, in order to found an independent institution, which bears the proud title of the "Raff Conservatoire."

Whether Bülow's efforts to obtain recognition for the new doctrines have hitherto been unavailing, and whether the music, of which he is the champion, will in reality prove to be the music of the future, are questions which time alone can decide. As far as we can judge, however, we believe that Bülow's noble endeavours will be rewarded with success, which, it is to be hoped, he will live to see. Few musicians have devoted themselves to their art with such love and self-sacrifice, as even those must admit whom he may have chanced to offend by his somewhat brusque assertion of his artistic convictions.



## A Bunch of Anecdotes.



MEETING OLD FRIENDS.

ROSSINI was once asked by a young man to listen to a piece which he had just composed. Rossini was in a hurry to go out, having, in fact, already put on his hat, but he was polite enough to give his attention. The young man played, and Rossini listened, calmly, patiently, and without a sign of approbation or disapprobation, only every now and then he took off his hat and made a polite bow. "Well, how did you like it?" asked the young man, when the piece was finished. "Oh, very nice, very nice indeed." "I am so glad. But there's one little thing I observed; every now and then you took off your hat." "Oh, I always do that," said Rossini, "when I meet old friends."

ANOTHER story of Rossini. A young man came to him to play an elegy which he had composed on the death of Meyerbeer. At the end Rossini said: "To tell you the truth, I wish *you* had died and Meyerbeer had written the elegy."

WHEN Herr Richter came to London some years ago, he spoke little or no English. He made one curious mistake depending on the similarity in sound between the English word "side" and the German word for string, viz. "Saite." Wanting a violoncellist to play a certain phrase, he astonished him by saying: "You must play this on the C (sea) side!"

GOLDMARK, the composer of "La Reine de Saba," had written a suite for orchestra which had a great run, being played by most orchestras. Goldmark, who was a young man at the time, was so overcome by his success that he travelled wherever he heard that his suite was going to be played. This being well known at the time, somebody added in the book of the hotel where Goldmark was staying the words, "With suite," after Goldmark's name. On the day of his arrival Goldmark was accordingly asked by the landlord when his suite was coming, and how many rooms he would require altogether. Goldmark found out the joke, and from that time desisted from travelling after his suite.

WHILST Wagner was still alive, but away from Wahnfried, his beautiful home, Liszt undertook to show a number of visitors the house. When they came to his bedroom, one of the visitors was struck with a peculiar-looking plate containing some studs. Laughingly Liszt explained that Wagner was a great enemy of titles and orders, particularly of the latter. He always returned them. Once he received an order from the Sultan of Morocco. Finding it was very large and hollowed out, he made up his mind not to return it, but to keep it, laying it upside down in order to hold his shirt-studs, pins, etc.

It is not known whether the Sultan of Morocco ever heard of the use to which his gift had been put or not; but if he did, surely he was flattered at knowing that Wagner had made an exception in his favour by retaining the order.

It is said that Patti once asked Rossini to write an effective air for her. She was delighted with the composition, and told Rossini to choose between a kiss from

her lips or cakes. Rossini, being very fond of sweets, quickly answered, "Pâté, pâté!"

THE sensation produced at Jenny Lind's first concert in Edinburgh is unparalleled in the history of music in Scotland. Tickets were sold at fabulous prices, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Shortly before the concert was to commence, a ragamuffin from one of the closes in the High Street was seen



"COME ON, CHAPS, I'LL TAKE YE A' IN."

pushing his way forwards to the orchestra-door in Rose Street, followed by a gathering of ragamuffins, like-minded and like-clothed with himself. "Come on, chaps," he was heard to say, "I'll take ye a' in, for Jock carried up the big bass fiddle!"

THE famous Scottish divine, Ralph Erskine, was very fond of music. However, his was not an age in which the ennobling power of music had much recognition in ecclesiastical circles in Scotland. The report spread through the village that the "meenister" had been heard to play the fiddle, and the kirk-session, ever on the alert, came as a deputation to the manse to hear what the worthy "meenister" had to say for himself. "Just wait a few moments, my friends," said Erskine, and went into the next room, leaving



ERSKINE AND HIS VIOLONCELLO.

the door open. Grave, sweet tones now stole upon the ears of the astonished elders, tones which went to the heart and moved them in spite of themselves. Then Erskine appeared with his violoncello in his hands. "Play away, Mr. Erskine," cried the elders, "we thought it was a wicked wee penny-weddin' fiddle, we didna ken it was a sober releeigious instrument like that."

A MOST deplorable tenor was once singing at the Opéra in Paris. The audience had their very teeth set on edge, but one man was seen to applaud, and the worse the tenor sang the more vigorously his admirer applauded. The applause stimulated the tenor to fresh and more awful efforts, which led to an increase of enthusiasm—and so on in geometrical progression. At last, after a peculiarly atrocious B flat, there came a tremendous fusillade of applause, —all from the same source,—which forced the neighbours of the enthusiast to interfere. "What do you mean by making all that row?" they indignantly asked. "I only want to applaud him till he bursts."

HELLMESBERGER, one of the conductors of the Vienna Opera, used to give chamber-music concerts. On one occasion Moser, well known in England for the adaptation of his comedy, "The Private Secretary," was sitting in the front row. His neighbour made some remark to him about a person in the audience, which made him laugh louder than he intended. Hellmesberger observed it, and being a friend of Moser's, he said to him after the concert was over: "Look here, Moser, it's too bad of you to laugh at my concerts; I have never laughed at your comedies."

OLE BULL, the violinist, once when travelling in Scandinavia, came to a very small town where there was no concert-hall. He applied for permission to play in the church, and was told that the church was only granted for concert purposes in case of the performance of an oratorio, but that with him, their great countryman, an exception should be made. There was one condition, however, that he should play the Carnival of Venice!

DIRECTOR POLLINI, of the Opera in Hamburg, who brought out the excellent tenor, Bötel, who was formerly a cabman, was once addressed as follows:—"You have done a good thing turning a cabman into a singer. There is a still better thing for you to do." "What is it?" he asked. "Get some singers to become cabmen."



## A Fluttered Dovecote.

By the Author of "An Innocent Passion," etc., etc.



ITS warmest admirers cannot conscientiously maintain that Uplands-on-the-Moors is a lively place. They may say with truth that the scenery is pretty, that the air is bracing, and that the society—what there is of it—is good in the literal sense of the word. Perhaps it is very shocking of me, as a clergyman's wife, to wish that our parishioners were not quite so good; but really, when it comes to a deputation waiting on the Rector to remonstrate with him on his taking me and the girls to a performance at German Reed's, the goodness becomes, in plain English, a bore.

I believe there is only one amusement which we Uplanders agree in thinking harmless, and that is music. We flatter ourselves that we are a very musical community. We have penny readings once a month all through the winter, besides musical tea-parties and glee practices. Still, sometimes I cannot help regretting that such gaieties as dances, private theatricals, and dinner-parties are almost unknown among us, for there is no blinking the fact that young men, with the exception of the very mildest of curates, are not attracted by musical tea-parties or glee clubs. Of course, I don't regret the young men on my own account, but where there are two or three nice-looking girls growing up, it does seem a pity that they should never be seen by any one except old married men or impecunious curates.

Consequently I, for one, was overjoyed when I heard that the Hall was let at last. Nobody who has not lived in the country can have any idea what a difference it makes to a village, and especially to the family at the Rectory, when there is a resident squire. We had been unlucky in this respect, for our own squire always lived in a smaller house in a distant county, and for some time past he had been unable to let Uplands Hall, which was a large and expensive place.

At the time my story opens, however, we had been assured, on good authority, that the house and shooting had been definitely taken by a most eligible tenant.

Many were our conjectures as to what the new "family" would consist of. The whole village was interested in the event. In their heart of hearts I am sure everybody hoped the new-comers would consist of a large family with lots of money, but what everybody said was, "I hope they will be Christians." Our dismay may be imagined, then, when we learnt that the "family" was composed of one young man, and he—oh horrors!—was a foreigner and a Roman Catholic. Our churchwarden, old General Lyster, who lives at the Grange, was much more alarmed than the Rector at the idea of having a Roman

Catholic in the parish; but then the General, like so many old army men, is extremely evangelical, and apparently believes, in a religious sense, the saying that "all roads lead to Rome."

Before long we learnt some more particulars about "the new squire," as he already began to be called. It appeared that he was an Austrian, Herr Lindner by name, who, being rich and fond of sport, had a fancy for trying what English hunting and shooting were like.

Towards the end of August, after a good many servants, horses, dogs, and gun-cases had been sent down, we heard that Herr Lindner himself had arrived.

The next day the Rector went up to call on his new parishioner. He says now that I insisted on his rushing off to call at once, but I am sure he was quite as curious as I was to see what our new squire was like, only he was too proud to own it. He took with him a nice little note from me, inviting Herr Lindner to a small tennis-party at our house the following afternoon, as I was sure he must be feeling dull, all alone in that big house.

When the Rector came back, after paying his call, I and my two girls, Bessie and Fanny, naturally besieged him with questions about our new neighbour, but, of course, like all men, he either wouldn't or couldn't give any details about his visit worth mentioning. For example, when I asked, naturally enough, whether he liked Herr Lindner, he replied, "My dear, how can I possibly tell whether I like a man whom I have only seen for twenty minutes?" So aggravating, when I could have told in twenty seconds whether I liked him, and given a graphic description of him into the bargain. When Bessie asked whether Herr Lindner was good-looking, and Fanny how old he was, their father replied to the first question, "That is a matter of opinion, my dear," and to the second, "I could hardly ask a complete stranger his age," whereupon both girls subsided.

One consolation was that we should soon be able to judge for ourselves, as Herr Lindner had accepted my invitation for the morrow, on condition that he might bring a friend with him who was on a visit to the Hall. This friend, as far as we could gather from the Rector, was also a foreigner, and looked "rather cracked," to use his own words.

The next day we made what were, for us, vast preparations for the afternoon's festivity. I had confined my invitation to our little circle of parishioners, thinking that Herr Lindner might feel embarrassed at meeting too many strangers at once. So there were only old General Lyster—who had been

persuaded to come and see what the "yah-yah," as he would call him, was like—and Rosamond and Bob Lyster, and the Miss Parkinsons, and Mr. Smee, our curate. By four o'clock we were all assembled on the lawn, waiting only the arrival of the strangers. Of course, we were all dressed in our best. I wore my mauve silk, which is five years old, but has lately been what the Rector calls "restored," and now looks as good as new. My two girls and Rosamond Lyster were all in nice clean cotton frocks, than which nothing is more becoming to English girls. Rosamond Lyster is considered the beauty of the neighbourhood, but her pale face and big dark eyes are too foreign-looking for my taste; and then, though I am fond of the girl, and she is Bessie's and Fanny's greatest friend, still I must say I think her too apt to absorb the attention of any gentlemen who may happen to be of the party. If she was not so quiet, she would have got the name of a flirt long ago.

We had not long to wait before we saw the two strangers making their way across the lawn to us, preceded by our housemaid Eliza. When the Rector introduced Herr Lindner to me, I must say I was astonished, and a little alarmed, to see how remarkably handsome he was. Not that he was handsome according to our English ideas of masculine good looks, which usually consist of straight features, straight eyebrows over light-blue eyes, and a well-arranged moustache; in fact, the sort of type that is inseparably connected in one's mind with a chimney-pot hat and a cut-throat collar.

Herr Lindner's beauty was of a much more picturesque kind. His hair, though not long, was not worn in the regulation English convict crop, but, on the other hand, his face was so clean shaven that it was lucky his features were of the most cameo-like beauty.

He was dressed very much like any young Englishman, but he bowed over my hand in a very un-English manner, as he introduced me to his friend, Professor Schott, and thanked me for taking pity on their loneliness.

Professor Schott was an odd-looking little man with big round eyes, and still bigger round eyeglasses. When I said, "How do you do?" to him, he startled me rather by answering promptly, "Very sick, thank you." Herr Lindner explained that the Professor had only crossed over from Calais the day before, and had hardly recovered the voyage. "Yes," said the little man, with a deep sigh; "I never agree with the sea, even when it is quite flat." I flatter myself that I kept my countenance perfectly at this remark, though the Rector had to bite his lips, and that ill-behaved Bob Lyster went behind a bush to laugh.

I introduced the new-comers to my other guests, and we were all feeling a little bit shy and stiff, when the Professor began again, with an air of the deepest interest.

"So that is an English rectory, and this is an English rectory garden, and here, I suppose, is a lawn-tennis ground. I take a great interest in these things, madam, because I intend to write an opera, the scene of which is to be laid in England, in the present day. That will be something completely new. I shall introduce scenes from English social life, both in town and country. Instead of the conventional drinking chorus, I shall have an eating chorus, represented by an English dinner party."

"Good gracious!" I cried; "how are the poor things to sing with their mouths full?"

"Oh, I've thought of that," replied the little man triumphantly. "I shall make them sing with half-closed mouths; it is very effective. There would be, of course, a clashing accompaniment to represent the rattling of plates, knives and forks. It would be a certain encore. Then I should have a tennis scene; a lawn-tennis quartette would come in admirably."

"Perhaps you would like to play a game of tennis before writing your quartette," I remarked; "it might give you some ideas."

"Oh yes, please!" cried the Professor, beaming with a quite childish delight. "May I play with that young lady in the pink dress? she doesn't look at all vicious."

The young lady in the pink dress was my youngest daughter, Fanny, so I set her to play with the Professor, and as Rosamond Lyster thought it too hot,



and Herr Lindner did not care to learn, we agreed that my eldest daughter, Bessie, should play against them with Mr. Smee, our curate.

Poor Mr. Smee is one of those young men oftenest found among the ranks of country curates, who, with the best intentions in the world, never succeed in doing anything well. Mr. Smee's virtues are all negative ones, and he has no vices. In church he preaches the prayers and reads the sermon. Out of church he takes no interest in anything except his own health—or rather his want of it. We dare not even let him help at a school feast, because he is certain to spill hot tea over the infants. Such being his character, he was naturally the best person to play against the Professor, in order to have an equal match.

While the game was going on, Herr Lindner of course threw himself at Rosamond's feet, and, finding that she could speak his own outlandish language, the two were soon gibbering away with the greatest apparent enjoyment. I couldn't attend to them long, however, for I was soon immersed in parochial talk with the Miss Parkinsons.

These good ladies are the daughters of a former rector of Uplands, who, when their father died, and left them very badly off, had the good sense to settle in a little cottage in their native village, where they will always be looked upon with respect as "the young ladies from the Rectory."

They would be a great help to us in the parish, if they did not object so very strongly to any innovation upon what was done "in dear papa's lifetime." In appearance they are very much alike, both having whity-brown hair and whity-brown faces; but Miss Parkinson's long nose turns up slightly at the end, while Miss Janet's turns down, and I suppose it is owing to this fact that the latter has always been looked upon as the beauty of the family.

They invariably wear black silk for best, and each sister has a massive gold watch-chain slung across her breast. These, with the watches pertaining thereto, belonged formerly to their father and mother, and are almost the only possessions left to them of any value. There is a tradition that sometimes, when strangers are present, Miss Parkinson, in order to draw attention to these valuables, says to Miss Janet, "Sister, what's the time by your gold watch and chain?" As they are both of them old enough to be Mr. Smee's mother, if not his great-aunt, they are able to increase their income by taking him to board with them, without giving rise to any scandal, even in a country village.

Interesting as our parochial talk was, however, it was impossible to continue it long, for we were soon all in fits of laughter at the Professor's tennis-playing. He certainly must have been a genius, if genius is truly to be defined as the power of taking infinite pains.

He was rushing madly after all his partner's balls as well as his own, and flourishing his arms and legs, till he looked like a stumpy little black windmill in a high gale. On the rare occasions when he hit a ball, he struck it with such force that it was lost in the shrubbery for the time being. As a rule, however, he knocked his own hat off, or tumbled down instead.

When the set was over, he came up to me, crimson and breathless.

"Madam," he cried reproachfully, "you have lost me an idea. No human beings could play tennis and sing at the same time even with half-closed mouths; it is a sheer impossibility."

At this moment Eliza came across the lawn to tell us that tea was ready, so we all adjourned to the house. After tea, as it had begun to drizzle a little, I proposed that we should have some music. My two girls have small voices, but they sing duets together very nicely, and in excellent time, thanks to me; for, though I do not pretend to be extremely musical, still I do pride myself on having a correct ear for time.

After my girls had finished their duet, Rosamond Lyster sang a German song. She has a very fine voice, and has been well trained in Germany, but I must say I think her style far too theatrical, and it is really a pity that she prefers to sing in any language rather than her own. After her song the little Professor, who had hardly been able to keep his hands

off the piano, sat down, and played what he called a Hungarian Rhapsody.

The others admired it immensely, and went into ecstasies over his playing, but, as far as I was concerned, it was quite spoilt by his total disregard for time. He played fast or slow just as the fancy seized him, and sometimes stopped dead for two or three seconds, till I was on the point of saying, "Thank you—how charming!" when on he went again at a greater rate than before.

Give me a straightforward piece with a well-marked air, to which I can beat time with my head. If I had attempted to nod in time to this piece, I should soon have had St. Vitus's dance.

If that is a Hungarian's idea of a rhapsody, I can only say that I pity the Hungarians. When the Professor had been sufficiently complimented on his playing, he turned to Herr Lindner, and told him to come and sing something from memory. Herr Lindner said he had a cold, and looked so embarrassed at this request that I thought he was nervous at singing before so many strangers, and assured him that we were none of us critical, and would really make allowance for any little deficiencies if he were out of practice.

At last he gave in, and began to sing. From the first note to the last we all sat as if spellbound. Even the Rector and the General, who profess to dislike music, had their eyes and mouths quite as wide open as the rest of us. Eliza, who had been listening in the passage, said to me next morning, "Lor, mum, if a Cherubim and a Seraphim came and sang in the drawing-room together, I don't believe it could have sounded more beautiful," and I was obliged to agree with her in my heart, though I only told her not to be profane. When the song came to an end, there was such a chorus of thanks and praise that Herr Lindner looked more uneasy than ever. As for the Professor, he turned round on the music-stool and remarked, "That's real jam, isn't it?" with evident pride in his English idiom.

Herr Lindner, in spite of all our entreaties, positively refused to sing again, and shortly after our little party broke up.

During the next few weeks we saw a great deal of our new neighbour, who could not possibly have proved a better squire, even if he had been an Englishman. Before long all the inhabitants of Uplands, both high and low, were his devoted worshippers. His greatest pleasure seemed to consist in doing kindnesses to other people. I doubt if the children will ever forget the school feast that year. It simply rained sweets and hailed nuts. Herr Lindner joined in all the games as if he had been a boy himself, and, when the children were tired, he sang them Christy Minstrel songs, accompanied by the Professor on an old guitar, for the best part of half an hour.

Our little society was very gay that autumn, for we all gave entertainments of one kind or another in Herr Lindner's honour, besides which there were constantly visitors staying at the Hall, whom we were always invited to meet. These visitors, whether Englishmen or foreigners, generally turned out to possess some wonderful accomplishment. They could either sing, or recite, or play some instrument better than any one we had ever heard, and this added very much to our enjoyment. Among other entertainments, the Miss Parkinsons gave a party. It was only "five o'clock tea and music," but then their idea of five o'clock tea is a hearty meal off the richest pound-cake and the newest bread-and-butter. The Rector says he never over-eats himself except when he goes to tea with the Miss Parkinsons. The one drawback to the entertainment is that the good ladies always sing a duet. They never sing in any house but their own, for the excellent reason that they are never asked. Fortunately, they only have one duet in their repertoire, and this is a dialogue between a lark and a nightingale. I fancy it was a favourite in the far-off days of their youth. Miss Parkinson is the nightingale, and Miss Janet the lark. What the dialogue is about I have never been able to discover, as it is carried on in a series of trills, twitterings, and warblings from beginning to end. During the performance I was amused to see Professor Schott deliberately tearing his new yellow gloves into strips, finger by finger.

It was at this party that I first felt sure of what I had already suspected, namely, that Herr Lindner

was seriously smitten with Rosamond Lyster. We had heard of his being a good deal at the Grange practising duets with her, and they had even ridden out together, chaperoned by Bob, whom Herr Lindner mounted on one of his best horses. Of course, the General was the last person to see what was going on, or I am sure he would have put a stop to it at once. At last, however, matters came to a climax in a most unexpected manner.

As I have said before, we had been in the habit of getting up amateur concerts once a month throughout the winter. It occurred to us, therefore, about the beginning of October, that, with so much available talent at the Hall, it would be well to begin our series as soon as sufficient performers could be secured. Rather to our surprise, Herr Lindner did not fall in with this idea so readily as we expected, and put a good many difficulties in the way; but after Rosamond Lyster begged him to help us he gave in, and promised to do all that lay in his power. When once he had taken up the scheme, he seemed determined to make it go off well, and by the end of a week he told us that we might rely upon him to contribute a violin player, a bass singer, a comic reciter, Professor Schott as solo pianist and accompanist, and himself as primo tenore. These, with Rosamond Lyster, my two girls, and Mrs. Hall, the wife of our head farmer, would make up our list of performers. Mrs. Hall is the proud possessor of a particularly loud and screaming soprano voice, and would be deeply offended were she not asked to assist at all our concerts. Her only weak point is that she is apt to sing in a different key from that in which her accompaniment is played.

A few days before that on which the concert was to take place, we heard that our old friends, Sir James and Lady Bolton, had come down to Shropham Hall for the pheasant-shooting. Maria Bolton and I were schoolfellows, and, though she married a rich baronet and I only a poor curate, she has always insisted on keeping up our old friendship.

When she is at Shropham, which is only five miles from Uplands, we see a good deal of each other, and, as she is quite a fashionable lady, she constitutes the one link between us and the "great world." As soon as I heard of her return, I sent her a programme of our concert, as she was in the habit of patronizing our performances when she was hard up for amusement. The kind creature wrote by return of post to order six tickets, as she had friends staying with her, who, she was hypocritical enough to say, would be delighted to come. Meanwhile, practising was going on from morning till night. Before long, songs, duets, and glees were sufficiently jumbled up in my head to form a complete cantata.

When at last the great day arrived, we were all so nervous that we were scarcely able to choke down a morsel of food. I am sure it was worse for me than for any of the performers, because I suffered agonies on account of each one of them individually.

On our arrival at the schoolroom we found Herr Lindner already there, with his four friends. The Professor we looked upon as an old acquaintance by this time, but the other three were strangers to us.

The comic reciter, who was introduced to us as Mr. Squattles, was a peculiar-looking man with a very sallow skin, a very blue chin, and an eyeglass which he wore as if he had been born with it. There was nothing else remarkable about him, except his intensely melancholy expression, which I thought boded ill for his share in the evening's entertainment. The bass, Herr Brüller, was a stout, heavy-looking man, whose unbroken silence was accounted for by the fact that he spoke very little English, and understood none.





I was rather taken, at first, with the appearance of the violinist, Herr Scrapowski, a romantic-looking little man, with large, melting, stag-like eyes, and a seraphic smile.

Among the earliest arrivals were the Miss Parkinsons, who, with their massive gold chains, gave an air of civic dignity to the entertainment. In their train, or rather on their trains, followed poor Mr. Smee, for in those days of long skirts his arrival in a crowded assemblage was always heralded by the ominous sound of ripping gathers.

Next came General Lyster, looking as he always does, as if he had just been curried, and with him Rosamond and Bob. Bob is at that awkward age when a young man's complexion is not his strong point, and he is accustomed to say of himself, pathetically, "If only I could change my skin, or even my spots, I shouldn't be such a bad-looking fellow."

Rosamond and my two girls looked very nice in their high white frocks. We have been obliged to make a rule that the lady performers shall wear high dresses, as the villagers do not understand the *décolleté* style; indeed, after a little dance which Herr Lindner gave one evening at the Hall, it was reported in the village that "the ladies was a-jumpin' about half naked," which really sounded like the description of some savage orgie.

Just before the concert began Lady Bolton and her party arrived, but as I was wanted in the green-room (*alias* class-room) the whole evening, I could do little more than exchange nods and smiles with her from a distance, especially as there were some half-dozen people between her and the gangway.

I will not weary my readers with a detailed account of the concert, though, as will hereafter be seen, it bore very important consequences. Suffice it to say that all went off without a hitch, with the exception of Mrs. Hall's song. Unfortunately she was accompanied by the Professor, and his frightful grimaces, as he banged away on the piano in the vain attempt to set her right or drown her altogether, were most ludicrous. I was told afterwards that she was not more than a semi-tone flat the whole time, so really it was rather affectation on his part to look as if he had swallowed prussic acid and it was then taking effect.

Herr Brüller's lung power was most remarkable. I was obliged to glance up at the roof occasionally while he was singing, to see if it was still on. We all fancied that he sang German songs till we afterwards heard that both his solos were English ballads, which he had taken infinite pains to learn for the occasion.

The violinist—who, by the way,



among his other accomplishments, turned out to be a most arrant little flirt—certainly played with marvellous execution. Listening to him gave one the same sensations as watching a tight-rope dancer; one really trembled lest he should fall off and hurt himself. Indeed, when, after some extraordinary gymnastics, he ended on a perilously high note, we all drew quite a breath of relief.

Mr. Squattles was the only one of the strangers whom the poor people really appreciated, and his recitations, especially when he dressed up as an old woman and nursed a baby upside down, sent them nearly frantic with delight. They encored him again and again, and could hardly be persuaded to listen to any of the other performances. I could not help being amused by the readiness with which all the strangers responded to the least symptom of an encore, and the ill-temper they showed when the applause was not what they considered sufficiently appreciative.

After the concert was over I had only time for a word or two with Lady Bolton as she passed me on her way to her carriage. She surprised me rather by saying,—

"You wonderful woman! How on earth did you manage to get them all down here? Why, nothing but a royal command could have got them together on one night in town."

I stared at her, not in the least understanding what she meant, and she went on,—

"Come over and lunch with me to-morrow; I shall be quite alone, and dying to hear all about it."

Off she went, and I thought no more at the time of what she had said.

Herr Lindner had invited the Lysters and ourselves to supper after the concert, but, as the Rector and the General were both tired and anxious to go home to bed, I undertook to chaperone the three girls. When we arrived at the Hall we found a magnificent supper awaiting us, but I never remember enjoying a meal less. Before the champagne had been round three times, the strangers became, according to my country ideas, alarmingly free-and-easy.

There was the little violinist, Scrapowski, with his arm on the back of Bessie's chair, gazing into her eyes as if he wanted to mesmerize her, while Fanny and the comic man were getting very uproarious, and throwing pellets of bread at each other. Herr Lindner, who generally makes an admirable host, had no eyes that evening for any one but Rosamond.

As soon as supper was over, I begged him to order our carriage at once, which he was far too well-bred to refuse to do; but there was instantly an outcry from the others, who were wild to dance, and the Professor sat down to the piano and struck up a waltz. I, however, remained firm, though the comic man would follow me about the room on his knees, and pretend to go into floods of tears at my hard-heartedness. I was delighted to hear Herr Lindner tell him quite sharply to get up and not make such a fool of himself.

It was a great relief when I found myself and my charges at home once more, and I vented my feelings by reading my two girls a good lecture on their unbecoming behaviour with Herr Lindner's friends.

The next morning I drove over, as I had promised, to lunch at Shropham Hall. I found Maria Bolton alone, and quite prepared for a gossip, her friends having left her that morning.

"And now, my dear," said she, as soon as we were comfortably settled with our feet on the fender, "have the goodness to tell me how you managed to get five artists of European reputation to come and perform at your concert."

"Artists!—European reputation!" I said, laughing; "they were nothing of the kind. The tenor was Herr Lindner, our new squire, and the other strangers were friends of his, who were staying at the Hall."

"You poor, dear, deluded thing!" said Maria pityingly; "this all comes of living in the country. Do you mean to say you didn't know that the tenor was Angelo—the Angelo—the first operatic tenor of the day? Why, nobody talked of anything but Angelo all last season in town."

"Very well," said I, with that sort of ghastly calm which precedes an earthquake; "if Herr Lindner is

an opera-singer, I should be glad to know who the others are."

"So you shall," said Maria, "if you will try and not look as if you thought an opera-singer rather worse than a burglar. The little man who played the accompaniments is Vogelstein, the great composer. I believe he is now engaged in composing an opera, in which Angelo is to create the title-role; they say it will be the finest opera that has appeared since the 'Prophète.' The bass was, of course, the celebrated basso profondo, Sylvestre, and the violinist the world-renowned Polish virtuoso, Przemyslawski; his name is one of the best known and the least pronounceable in Europe. As for the comic man, Squattles, as he called himself, you must have known him; you can't have lived all your life without seeing Bunbury,—the unrivalled Bunbury, as the advertisements call him,—one of the three leading low comedians of the day. His theatre is not opened yet for the winter season, or you couldn't have got him, except on a Sunday. Of course, they all took those absurd names in the hope of remaining incognito." And then the unfeeling creature laughed, as if the whole affair were a good joke.

I rose with all the dignity of which I am capable, and begged to be allowed to order the pony-carriage, as it was absolutely necessary that I should go home at once. Of course Maria was very unwilling to let me go without any lunch; but when she saw how determined I was, she understood that it was the truest kindness to make no further opposition to my departure.

As soon as I was in the pony-carriage, I decided to go at once to the Grange and tell the General my startling news, he being the person most concerned in the matter. From what I had noticed at the supper-party the night before, I was now quite convinced that Rosamond and Herr Lindner had come to an understanding together, and I believed that the old man would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to an opera-singer. As I drove along, my principal feeling was one of burning resentment towards Herr Lindner for the deceit he had practised upon us. I longed to see him again, in order to tell him what I thought of his conduct, and I went over, in my own mind, all the unpleasant things I meant to say to him. I flatter myself that few people can be more disagreeable than I, when I like.

On my arrival at the Grange, I found the General alone, in what he was pleased to call his study. I was far too excited to think of breaking my news to him gently, so I "sprung it" upon him, as the newspapers say, without any regard whatever for his feelings.

I was hardly prepared for the effect which it had upon him. With an oath that made me jump, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Why, the scoundrel is in the garden with my girl at this moment," and hurried from the room. Fearing that bloodshed might ensue, I rushed after him, and caught him up just as he arrived under a chestnut-tree, beneath which was Miss Rosamond, comfortably extended in a hammock, while by her side sat Herr Lindner, reading aloud out of what looked like a poetry book.

As soon as he had recovered his breath, the General bellowed out, "You blackguard, how dare you come sneaking into my house, pretending to be a gentleman, when all the time you're nothing but a play-acting vagabond? What have you got to say for yourself, you scoundrel, hey?"

Herr Lindner, who had turned deadly pale, answered, with great self-command, "If you were a younger man, sir, I would show you, in a practical manner, what I had to say for myself. As it is, I shall be happy to give you an explanation of my conduct, if you will listen to me as a gentleman should, even to a 'play-acting vagabond.'"

"Go on, sir, go on!" shouted the General, dancing about in his efforts to keep his rage within bounds.

"Well, then," said Herr Lindner, "I am proud to say that I am, as you have heard, a professional singer, and I cannot admit that that fact necessitates my being either a blackguard or a scoundrel. I am a gentleman by birth, but I should have been little better than a pauper had I not been gifted with a voice which, I was assured, would make my fortune on the stage. Professional singers are not, I am happy to say, looked upon in the same light in any



country as in this enlightened village. My voice, as had been prophesied, soon brought me in more money than I could spend. Being fond of the English people, and of all kinds of sport, I had a fancy to try what an English winter in the country was like. I came here in my own name, which, it is true, is not my professional name, but I expected to be recognised instantly by some one who had heard me sing in town. As time went on, I felt that I ought perhaps to mention the fact of my being an opera-singer, but I really thought that when, later, my identity was discovered, my friends here might know me well enough to forgive me my profession. It seems, however, that I was mistaken, and therefore I cannot refuse to offer you an apology for having thought you more liberal-minded than you really are."

This last sentence was spoken with an accent of contempt which brought such a torrent of abuse from the General, who had with difficulty restrained himself during the whole speech, that I was obliged to say, with all the dignity I could muster, "General, I think you forget that ladies are present. Rosamond, my dear, you had better come back to the house with me."

Rosamond, who had been looking completely stunned, as well she might, by the suddenness of the onslaught, scrambled out of the hammock, in as tragic a manner as she could assume, and accompanied me back to the house. She refused to listen to my well-meant attempts at comfort, but ran upstairs to her own room, where I heard her lock herself in.

As I had sent the pony-carriage home, not knowing how long I might be detained at the Grange, I now set out to walk the half-mile that lay between that house and the Rectory. I had not proceeded far before I heard footsteps coming quickly behind me, and on turning round I saw Herr Lindner hurrying after me. One glance at his pale, dejected face took from me all desire to give him that piece of my mind which I had been so carefully preparing for him. Besides, when it comes to the point, it is difficult to bully a man who has shown you innumerable kindnesses, for which you have been able to make very little return.

I thought of the game and hothouse fruit and flowers with which he had kept us supplied, and also of his behaviour at the school feast, when he, a man whose every note could be changed for gold, had sung song after song for the amusement of our sticky little school children, and my tongue refused to utter any reproaches.

As soon as he came alongside me, he said, in a tone that would have softened the heart of a fossil, "Madam, have you no pity for the poor vagabond?"

"Don't talk like that," I said uncomfortably. "I have no right to judge you; I daresay you meant it all for the best, but I think it was a pity you did not tell us who you were in the first instance, because, though there might be no objection to you individually, we might not always have wished to know your friends." As I said this, I thought of the little violinist with the eyes, and of Mr. Bunbury and the pellets of bread.

"I daresay you are right," replied Herr Lindner dejectedly; "very likely I have brought all my troubles on myself, and they are no more than I deserve."

There was silence between us for a few seconds, and then he began abruptly,—

"I fancy that my other secret is no longer a secret to you. Do you think I have any chance of getting my heart's wish?"

"If you mean," I replied decidedly, "do I think the General will ever consent to your engagement to Rosamond, I can say, without any hesitation, never, not if you waited till the day of judgment. The best advice I can give you is to go away at once, underlet the Hall, and try to forget Uplands and all its inhabitants as quickly as you can."

"The last part of your advice is impossible to follow," he answered; "as to the first part, I have already made up my mind to leave the Hall to-morrow, at any rate for a time. Whether I ever return will depend on circumstances."

"If by 'circumstances' you mean the General's consent," I said, "you may make up your mind at once never to see Uplands again."

Then, as I was at my own gate, we said "good-

bye," as I thought for ever. I couldn't help wishing him all success in life, and that his heart might speedily get itself mended. He thanked me so warmly for my kindness to him, which I am sure was little enough, and looked so handsome and so unhappy, that it was all I could do to keep from crying.

I found the Rector hard at work in the kitchen garden, and the equanimity with which he took my news was quite a relief after the General's violence. His want of emotion may have been partly due to the fact that some potatoes which he was digging up showed signs of disease, and that he considered this a more material evil.

The next day we heard that Herr Lindner had left the Hall for an indefinite time, only the servants being left in charge. Naturally the wildest rumours began to circulate through the village as to the cause of the squire's departure. The most generally accepted of these rumours was that he was an escaped criminal, who had been re-arrested and carried back to durance vile to work out a life-sentence.

The dulness that fell upon us all for the next few weeks was all the more intense in its contrast to the excitement we had enjoyed during the short period that the Hall had been occupied. Rosamond Lyster went about looking like her own ghost, and the General carefully avoided us, feeling, I hope, ashamed of the language he had used in my presence. The Miss Parkinsons were deeply offended with us for having, all unwittingly, introduced them to the snares and temptations of artistic society.

About three weeks after the great discovery had taken place, our dulness was effectually dispelled in a manner which made me inwardly resolve never to complain of dulness again. It was Sunday morning, when, as we were all sitting down to breakfast, we heard a violent ringing and knocking at the front door. The Rector, thinking that some sick parishioner had sent for him, went to the door himself, and admitted no less a person than General Lyster. Through the dining-room door, which was ajar, I heard him ask, in a voice which I could only just recognise to be his, "Is Rosamond here?"

On hearing this I went into the hall, and made him come into the study and sit down, while he told us the dreadful fact that Rosamond had disappeared. The maid had gone to call her at the usual time that morning, and had found the room empty and the bed unslept in. The General's suspicions had instantly turned towards Herr Lindner, but he had come to our house, on his way to the station, in the forlorn hope that Rosamond might have taken refuge with us. Now the only thing left for him to do was to follow the runaway without delay. The old gentleman looked so white and shaky that the Rector determined to go with him and be of what help he could to him in his search.

The General seemed to think that Herr Lindner might have come down the night before, and accompanied Rosamond back to town by the last train. As but few people in our part of the world travelled by that train, he hoped to be able to track the lovers, and declared his intention of bringing his daughter back, dead or alive.

After seeing the two off on their journey, I was obliged to turn my attention to the manifold duties of the day. It is a curious fact that, in the country, important events nearly always happen on a Sunday; I have seldom known our cow to calve or our bees to swarm on any other day.

I have not an idea what I taught my class in the Sunday school that morning. I hope it was nothing very unorthodox, but, if the children attended to me no better than they usually do, it cannot have seriously disarranged their theological ideas. I quite disgraced myself, musically, by bursting in with Glorias in the middle of the Psalms, and playing Amens promiscuously during the Hymns.

As for the service, I find it quite impossible ever to attend to that in our own church. What with keeping one eye on the school-children to wither incipient games, and the other on the choir to intercept glances and smiles between the young men and women, I am thoroughly well occupied. On the rare occasions when I spend a Sunday away from home, the services appear to me in quite a new light, and I am ready to acknowledge myself a miserable sinner, whereas in

our own church I never feel as if anything applied to me personally.

Mr. Smee's sermons on that Sunday, owing to the suspense I was in, seemed even more trying than usual. I could feel for the man who was "preached to death by wild curates." Mr. Smee's receipt for preparing his discourses seems to be somewhat as follows: "Take a sufficient quantity of dry texts, water well, mix thoroughly, and serve cold."

That night I had a fearfully vivid dream that the General had fought a duel with Herr Lindner, with the Rector as second, that Herr Lindner was killed, and the General and the Rector sentenced to be hung in consequence. It was a great relief, the next morning, to get the following telegram from the Rector: "All right; am coming home by 3.55 train." He dared not be more explicit, because he knows that our postmistress, who manages the telegraph, is the biggest gossip in the village, and finds it an utter impossibility to keep the secrets of the telegrams inviolable.

That afternoon I sent the girls out for a long walk, in order that the coast might be clear, and as soon as the Rector arrived, I dragged him into the study, shut the door, and began breathlessly, "Well, what has happened? Did the General fight him?"

"Fight him!" said the Rector irritably—he always is a little cross after a journey. "Considering that they were married when we found them, the General would hardly want to fight his own son-in-law."

"Married already!" I exclaimed; "but didn't the General insist on bringing Rosamond home?"

"How could he insist on anything?" snapped the Rector; "the girl is of age, besides being a married woman now. Being at bottom a sensible man, the General saw that the game was up. They have started for Vienna for their honeymoon, and, after that, will make the Hall their headquarters whenever they are in England. I think she's a lucky girl. Lindner has lots of money, and is well spoken of at the Austrian Embassy. He is so desperately in love with his wife, that I fancy she will convert him to her own religion before long."

"Well," I said, "I should be very sorry to see either of my girls make such a marriage."

"You may be quite easy on that score," said the Rector in what I must call rather an aggravating tone; "they are not, either of them, the least likely ever to have the chance."

## To Nikita.

— o —

Nur Liedermund  
Thut Wahrheit Kund,  
So klang mir's, als ich lauchte  
Dem Liederquell,  
Der jugendhell  
Dir von den Lippen rauschte.

Dein frischer Mund,  
Er that mir Kund,  
Was Weis're oft verfehlen:  
Die Kunst ist frei  
Von Künstelei  
Und Seele nur zwingt Seelen.

OSCAR BLUMENTHAL.

(TRANSLATION BY V. H. S.)

By song alone  
Is truth made known,  
So mused my spirit, soaring,  
Whilst clear and strong  
That fount of song  
From thy young lips was pouring.

Thy fresh, sweet tone  
To me made known,  
What often falls unheeded:  
True art is free  
From pedantry,  
For souls a soul is needed.



## The Two Blind Fiddlers.



THEY were two fiddlers, blind and old,  
Who fiddled all weathers, hot and cold,  
In rain or sunshine, there they were,  
Doing their best with gut and hair

To scrape a living out of air;  
Fiddling for coppers, since silver and gold  
Were stranger guests to these fiddlers old,  
But whether the times were bad or good,  
Each fiddler true to the other stood,  
And shared whatever fortune sent—  
With friend and lot both well content.  
If Ned you saw, with fiddle queer,  
'Tis certain Tim was fiddling near;  
If Tim, poor fiddler, went "on spree,"  
Then, Ned was good (or bad) as he,  
And days—nay, sometimes weeks—would pass  
Ere they'd renounce the fatal glass  
Which cheers but yet inebriates,  
And breaks as many hearts as pates;  
With pockets empty, credit gone,  
And landlord shouting to "move on,"  
They'd tune their fiddles, start to play  
Some merry reel or bright strathspey,  
And from the passers to and fro  
Draw recompense for nimble bow—  
A shower of coppers, thick and thin,  
With now and then a bit of "tin,"  
Would, welcome sound, come tinkling in.

But, "work" or "play,"  
Close comrades they,  
As one, the two  
Whate'er they do,

Each *alter ego* of the other  
As ever twins of self-same mother;  
Until in street or village fair  
The crowds who stopped to hear and stare  
Would thus comment upon the pair:

"You'll search the town and country round  
Ere such another two be found  
To play (and drink) so well together  
In every sort of place or weather!"

But where's the happy reputation  
That may withstand base calculation?  
When malice plans or mischief guides,  
The fool is he who them derides;  
And by there came, one summer day,  
Two gents who stopped to hear them play,

Two gents of leisure more than sense—  
Ironical fate's strange recompense,  
That leisure she should give to those  
Of which they're troubled to dispose,  
While they who have good work to do  
Should have their moments brief and few;  
By came these fellows, void of aim,  
And up for any little game.

"Two staunch old cronies, I declare,  
Unequalled here or anywhere!"  
Said one to the other; "there you see  
A pair who cannot disagree."

"I'll stake a sovereign, do you know,  
To make these brothers of the bow  
Fall out within a quarter-hour,  
By simplest methods in my power!"  
Thus spake the other, with a smile,  
And puffed his cigarette the while.

"'Tis taken!—hand the money o'er—  
The thing's been tried of times a score,  
And just a score have had to pay  
For foolish bet and weak essay."

"You wait until my game is done,  
And then declare who lost, who won,  
Who feels chagrin, and who the fun,—  
So, here begins scene number one!"

With that, he forward stepped, and sought,  
In tones that both the fiddlers caught,  
That they should use their active bows  
In *Miller of Drone* and *Off she goes*,  
"And here, old fellow, for your trouble,  
Is half a sov., for lack of double!"

But of never a "stiver"  
Was he the giver!  
Not a coin of the land  
Passed out of his hand—  
Not even a copper  
Dropped into the hopper  
Of either old fiddler  
From this shameless diddler!

And as they fiddled and fiddled away  
Each to himself was heard to say:

"My mate has got a double crown  
As soon's we're done to table down,  
Or reckon up—it's all the same,  
One on 'em's mine whene'er I claim!"

But 'tis the nature of our lot  
To find reality in thought,  
And all our thinking substance seem—  
The most apparent most the dream;  
And, strange, it matters not one jot  
Whether the thing exists or not—  
On which we fix our woe or bliss—  
So long's we think it does; it is,  
It answers just the same  
In either case—a name  
Is all we have for *that* or *this*.

So our two fiddlers soon found out,  
If ever they had had a doubt,  
And soon had reason to deny  
That things with thoughts of them could vie.  
For the day was hot  
And the fiddlers dry,  
And each fiddler's thought  
Was a longing to try  
The effects of a glass (or more) of stout—  
Such things we think and write about!

The house was reached, to reckoning they went  
Each fiddler with the best intent;  
The coppers counted o'er and o'er,  
And each apportioned equal store.  
Still, it was strange each felt intention  
The other had for base retention  
Of a coin of the realm he'd rather not mention,  
That meant to each a solid crown,  
Which both strove to keep by sad circumvention,  
Yet seemed to expect to have tabled down!  
Then, then it was these fiddlers old,  
Whose friendship was the talk of town,  
Made use of language better untold  
Anent the thief of that wretched crown,  
Which had existence but in thought,  
And while 'twas everything, was naught!

"Didn't I hear him say," Tim cried,  
"Here's a half-sovereign for your trouble,  
And all I wish is, it was double?"  
"And didn't I, too?" Ned wroth replied:  
"And didn't I hear it clink  
Into your pocket? and didn't you wink  
As you said to yourself, said you,  
'I'll try what I can to do  
Out poor old Ned of this 'ere haul,  
Which I'll swear I never got at all!'"

This was too much for Tim to stand,  
So, with the strength at his command,  
On Ned's poor head his fiddle went whack,  
While Ned's on his went answering back!

With a dash  
And a splash,  
And a horrible crash,  
And teeth all a-gnash,  
Each fiddler went smash  
With his fiddle, to bash  
Out the brains of his brother-musician!

And you guess  
What a mess  
That words can't express—  
What woeful distress  
Of head, face, and dress,  
In a minute or less,  
Resulted from such disposition!

Each fiddle went flying,  
In manner most trying,  
To onlookers shying,  
And shouting and crying  
To get out of the combatants' way;



While the landlord went tearing  
Around (with some swearing)  
And eyes fiercely glaring  
Upon the two squaring—  
Most irregular squaring I really must say!

But mourn, all ye muses, mourn,  
For all the ills that must be borne  
By man upon this mixture, earth,  
Whether his own, or his by birth—  
Yet, still reserve one piteous tear  
For what each fiddler holds more dear  
Than all the rest worth having here—

His loved "Cremona"!   
And where's the fiddler in the land  
That can't produce, without command,  
And show to loving (or suspicious) eyes,  
His Koh-i-noor-in-value prize,  
His blest "Cremona"?

His four-and-six Cremona,  
His glue-and-sticks Cremona!  
His boots-full-of-peas-would-give-you-more-  
ease,  
His make-your-blood-freeze Cremona!

His horrible-rasp Cremona,  
His wheeze-and-hasp Cremona!  
His cat-on-a-rail, his filing-a-nail,  
His shudder-and-gasp Cremona

His hair-stand-on-end Cremona,  
His cut-your-best-friend Cremona  
His sit-and-admire-while-your-bursting-with-  
ire,  
His wish't-in-the-fire Cremona!

His "wonderful-tone" Cremona  
(His hear-it-and-groan Cremona!)  
His "finish-and-wood" (if-finish't-you-could!)  
His leave-it-alone Cremona!

And Ned and Tim were not behind  
In grand "Cremonas" (of their kind),  
Which, sad to say (or joy to tell!),  
Were now employed in manner—well,  
As raised grave doubts they'd ever play  
Reel, jig, or hornpipe, or strathspey—  
Tim with the "handle" in his hand  
Flourishing all at his command,  
While Ned at length used as a sling  
His "tail-piece" on a single string!—  
Ye Muses! give another groan,  
One sympathetic sob or moan,  
That, round about, in splinters strewn,

Were two Cremonas!  
Two "real Stradivarius"  
(Or perhaps 'twas "Guarnerius"?—  
Or "maker unknown" Cremonas!

But dry your tears, ye fiddlers blind,—  
Some recompense you yet shall find  
Even in the smashing of the things  
Compact of wood, and glue, and strings,  
Yclept "Cremonas," though quite good  
Enough to earn a livelihood;—  
For he, the cause of all the "row,"  
Felt rather sorry for it now,  
And, soon as he could reach their ear,  
Confessed, and made to each one clear  
They'd both been wrong; and to the  
friends—

Restored and happy, as amends  
For ruined fiddles now forgot  
For joy each cronic old was not  
What, for a brief but busy spell,  
They'd thought, and showed they thought, too  
well—  
Asked what they cost, and three times o'er  
Put in their hands to get two more.

Next night two fiddlers took their stand,  
The proudest fiddlers in the land,  
Two new "Cremonas," clean and bright,  
The outcome of the fiddle-fight;  
And stauncher friends than ever they,  
Remembering what transpired that day,  
When both believed and felt aggrieved,  
And knew not they were both deceived,  
That each one sought by circumvention  
That visionary coin's retention:  
'Tis Ned and Tim, wherever they go,  
As happy a pair as fiddle and bow!

HENRY DRYERRE.

## The Violin of Human Strings.



It was the end of the year 1831.

Paganini, the demon Paganini, had appeared at the Opera House in six concerts, causing enthusiasm even greater than had been shown during his brilliant tour through Italy and Germany.

At the same time there was in Paris another violinist, a man of extraordinary abilities, but altogether unknown to the great World of Art. His name was Franz Stioeny; he was born at Stocarda, where he passed his youthful days in his peaceful home, and practised diligently the instrument of four strings.

At the age of thirty-five Franz was left an orphan, and alone. On the death of his mother, who had adored him, and had left behind for her only son nought but the remains of a slender patrimony, Franz was left very poor.

The prospects of the future rose before his eyes in the most dismal colours.

What was he to do? His old music-master, Samuel Klauss, took upon himself to answer the question. And the reply, mute as it was, had been eloquent.

Klauss had taken his beloved pupil by the hand and conducted him into the little room where he kept his musical treasures, and pointed out the violin as it reposed in its neat little case.

That hint pointed out to Franz Stioeny a new career. Having sold the furniture and belongings of his house, he had departed to Paris in the company of his friend and master.

Before Paganini had given his marvellous recitals at the Opera House, Franz had established in his

own mind, after careful consideration, a firm and deep-rooted conviction. The conviction was this: that he was himself superior to all the most celebrated violinists that he had heard in the capital of France; and his intention was to destroy his instrument and end his existence did he not succeed in holding the first position among the performers of the day. Old Klauss was delighted with his noble resolve, and firmly believed that he would have a brilliant career.

Before introducing himself to the public, Franz had been waiting with great impatience for the Italian who had been so greatly extolled by the press, to make his appearance in Paris. The name of Paganini had been for several months like a burning thorn in Franz's heart—an incubus, an horrible nightmare to the mind of old Samuel.

It would be hard to say which of the two trembled most at the mention of that name, which of the two looked forward most anxiously to Paganini's visit to Paris.

Who could describe the anxiety, the expectation, the despair of that evening? Franz and Samuel, at the first stroke of Paganini's bow, shuddered all over. Master and pupil, as they heard the enthusiastic applause of the audience which fell on their ears like a death knell, did not dare to meet each other's eyes, nor uttered a single word.

At midnight, after the concert, they returned silently and gloomily to their apartments.

"Samuel," said Franz, throwing himself down desperately into a chair, "it's no use! I am worth nothing! I know it! I am nothing! Nothing!"

The old master looked troubled, and after a brief silence replied in a broken voice,—

"No, you are wrong there, Franz. I have taught you all that it is possible for any master to teach, and you have learnt all that it is possible for one man to learn from another. What chance have I if this accursed Italian, in order to outstrip all other artists, has had some dealing with the devil or had resource to magic?"

Franz fixed his eyes on the old master with a sinister expression, which seemed to say: "Well, why have you any scruples? If I could elevate myself to such a position in the art, I would sell myself to the devil, soul and body!"

Samuel divined the atrocious thought, and replied with forced calmness,—

"You know the melancholy story of the celebrated Tartini. He died one Sabbath evening, strangled by his familiar demon, who had taught him how to put life into his violin by placing in it the spirit of a virgin. Paganini has done more. Paganini, in order to make his instrument utter the groans, the dismal cries, the notes so strangely like the human voice, has assassinated the ope who was most affectionate to him, and out of the entrails of his miserable victim, made the four strings of his violin. Here is the secret of that fascination, of that irresistible power of sound, which you, my poor Franz, can never equal, without!"

And the old man stopped in the middle of the sentence.

His voice was paralysed as by some hidden terror.

Franz, lowering his eyes, broke out after a few minutes with this question,—

"And you believe, Samuel, that I should be able to accomplish the wonderful effects, to excite the enthusiasm of Paganini, were the strings of my violin composed of human entrails?"

"Too true!" exclaimed the *maestro*, with a singular expression; "but to obtain the proper result, it is not enough that the strings should be composed of human entrails; it is necessary that these strings should be part of a *sympathetic* body. Tartini communicated the proper vitality to his violin, introducing into it the soul of a virgin; but that virgin died for love of him, and the satanic *artiste*, during her last agonies, caused her spirit, by means of a hollow cane, to pass from her into his instrument. As for Paganini, I have already told you that he assassinated his best friend, the person who had shown him the greatest kindness, and assassinated him in order to form the strings of his violin."

"Oh! the human voice! the magic of the human voice!" continued Samuel after a brief silence. "Do you believe, my poor Franz, that I should have ever taken you under my guidance had I thought that you



would not rise to the head of your noble profession and shine with your proper light?"

Franz could make no reply. He rose to his feet with a restless impatience, which showed the most profound agitation, took the violin into his hand, fixed his eyes upon it with a contemptuous and threatening glance, and then, claspings the strings convulsively, he tore them from the instrument.

Old Samuel uttered a cry. The broken strings which had been flung into the fire, wreathed and twined like serpents on the glowing coals.

Samuel took a candle off the table, went off to his room, and retired to bed without speaking a word.

Weeks passed—months passed. A deep melancholy had settled over Franz. The violin, stripped of its chords, hung against the wall, dusty and neglected. Samuel and Franz dined together every day, and every evening they sat opposite each other in the same little parlour, but one did not dare to address the other—they regarded each other in silence like two mutes. From the moment the violin had been deprived of its strings, they appeared to have lost the use of their tongues.

"It is time this ended!" exclaimed at last old Samuel. And that evening, before retiring to bed, he went up to his friend and imprinted a kiss on his cheek. Franz aroused himself somewhat from his deep lethargy, and mechanically repeated the words of the master, "It is time this ended."

They separated, and each retired to his respective room.

The next morning, when Franz opened his eyes to the light of day, he was surprised at not finding at his bedside the old master, who usually rose before him.

"Samuel! my good, my dear Samuel!" cried Franz, bounding from his bed and rushing into the master's room.

Franz was alarmed by his own voice, but still more by the ominous silence afterwards.

It was the awful silence which announced the presence of death.

Near the bed of the dead man, and in the stillness of the tomb, the silence added a mysterious intensity that filled the soul with terror.

Samuel's head lay rigidly over one side of the bed; his face seemed luminous, and his pointed and grizzly beard appeared to point upwards to heaven.

The first sight of the corpse gave Franz a terrible shock, but the nature of the man and the nature of the artist awoke within him at the same time, and in that state of mind his grief was arrested. The passions of the artist prevailed in the more tender instincts of the man and stifled them.

A letter directed to Franz had lain on the table overnight. The violinist opened it with trembling fingers:—

"MY DEAR FRANZ,—At the moment in which you will read this note, I shall have performed the greatest and last sacrifice which I, your master and true friend, have been able to make for your glory. The person whom you loved above all others in the world, is now no more than an insensible corpse; of your old master, nothing now remains to you but the dead organic material. I shall not suggest to you what now remains for you to do.

"Do not allow yourself to be terrified by vain scruples and groundless fears. I sacrifice to you my body that you may make use of it for your own glory; if you do not accept of it, you will be acting with base ingratitude by rendering my sacrifice in vain. When you have restored the strings to your violin—those strings formed from my vitals, and having the voice, the groan, and the cry of my fervid love—then, O Franz, you need fear nothing; then take thy instrument, put on the example of the man who has done you so much harm—present yourself in the field where he has held undisputed sway until this day—cast down thy gauntlet of defiance. Oh! you will hear how the notes of love shall ring out from your violin, when you, caressing the strings, shall be assisted by that which once belonged to your old master, who now salutes you for the last time, and blesses you.

"SAMUEL."

Two tears sprang into Franz's eyes, but immediately appeared to be dried up as by some latent fire, and his eyes strangely lighted up as he gazed on his dead master.

Our pen refuses to describe what took place in that chamber of death. It is enough for us to say that the last wish of the noble Samuel was carried out, and that Franz did not hesitate to procure the fatal strings with which he hoped to give soul to his violin.

These strings for fifteen days remained untouched on his instrument. Franz did not dare to regard them. One evening he made up his mind to try them, but the bow trembled in his hand like the blade of an assassin.

"No matter!" exclaimed Franz, shutting up the violin in its case; "these foolish terrors would soon disappear when I found myself in the presence of my powerful rival. The wish of my poor Samuel will be gratified—it will be a grand triumph for me and for him if I succeed to equal—to surpass Paganini!"

But the celebrated violinist was not then at Paris. At that time Paganini was giving a series of concerts in Ghent.

One evening, while the demoniac artist sat at table surrounded by an elect company of musicians, Franz entered the room of the hotel, and moving towards Paganini, without a word handed him a note.

Paganini took it, at the same time casting on the stranger one of those lightning glances which few could sustain; but seeing that the other remained firm and met his glance without quailing: "Sir," he said drily, "your desire shall be gratified!" And Franz, bowing respectfully to the company, left the room.

Two days afterwards, in the city of Ghent there appeared some notices announcing Paganini's last concert. At the end of the programme, printed in large letters, appeared a singular notice, which excited the public curiosity to a great extent, and was subject to a thousand comments:—

*During that evening, said the notice, will be introduced for the first time, the celebrated German violinist Franz Sthoeny, who has travelled expressly to Ghent to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to the illustrious Paganini, declaring himself ready to compete with him in the execution of the most difficult piece. The illustrious Paganini having accepted the challenge, Signor Franz Sthoeny desires to perform, in competition with the great violinist, the famous Fantasia-capriccio entitled "Le Streghe."*

The effect of that announcement was magnetic. Paganini, who in the midst of all his excitements and triumphs never overlooked any opportunity of making money, fully believed that the concert would fetch double on this occasion. And it is needless to say that he calculated rightly. Nearly all the city of Ghent that evening filled the theatre to overflowing.

When the terrible hour arrived, Franz brought himself into the green-room, where Paganini had preceded him.

"Brave son! you have done well to anticipate your time," said Paganini; "it would be better if we reversed the order of the programme. I would like to get the affair over at once, so that I shall not be disturbed during the performance of my other pieces. Are you ready?"

"I am at your service," replied Franz calmly.

Paganini gave orders for the curtain to be raised, and his appearance was the signal for long and deafening applause.

The Italian artist had never before, in the execution of that extraordinary composition entitled "Le Streghe," revealed so fiendish a power. The strings of the violin writhed under the pressure of his emancipated fingers,—his satanic eyes were fixed upon his instrument as though to invoke the infernal sounds. The sounds took form and appeared to dance about like some fantastic figure. In the space of the stage an inexplicable phantasmagoria was formed from the sounds.

When Paganini had finished his performance, and was retiring from the stage amid the loud acclamations of the audience, he met Franz, who was already starting for the stage, at the door of the green-room.

Paganini seemed petrified with astonishment on observing the impossibility of his competitor and the look of security that he carried in his face.

Franz advanced towards the front of the stage, and was received with a chilling silence. Filled with Paganini's performance, the audience looked upon the new arrival with a glance of pity, as one who was entering on an absurd trial.

Nevertheless, at the first note which Franz sounded, the attention of the audience at once became fixed.

Franz was a most brilliant executor, and one of those to whom few difficulties exist. Old Samuel had not spoken falsely on that day when he said, "I have taught you all that it is possible for any master to teach, and you have learnt all that it is possible for one man to learn from another."

But that which Franz had dreamed to be able to effect by aid of the sympathetic strings, the bursts of passion, the terrible cries of agony and despair, sounds from the dying and voices of the damned—that which old Samuel would have wished to communicate to his pupil and friend, sacrificing his life in order to transfer his spirit, as he thought, into the instrument—all these castles of illusion, of hope, in which the artist felt himself so secure—all vanished in an instant.

Under the blow of a terrible disappointment, Franz lost courage and power. He invoked softly the name of his dead master; he prayed—he cursed—he cried traitor, villain. Then, tired of trying further, and despairing of success, he tore the fatal strings from the violin, threw them to the floor, and trampled on them with furious rage.

"He's mad! he's mad! stop him! lay hold of him!" cried a hundred voices from the theatre.

Franz flew from the stage, and entering precipitately into the green-room, prostrated himself at Paganini's feet.

"Pardon! a thousand pardons!" cried Franz excitedly. "I had believed—I had hoped!"

Paganini stretched out his arms to the poor disappointed artist, raised him to his feet, and embracing him like a brother, said,—

"You have played divinely—you are a great artist—what you lack!"

"Oh, I know well what I lack!" exclaimed Franz sobbingly; "but old Samuel has deceived me!"

And Franz narrated to Paganini the story of the human strings, explaining the illusions to which he had trusted.

"Poor Franz!" exclaimed the Italian violinist with sarcastic pity; "you have forgotten one circumstance through which the strings of your violin were not able to compete with mine in vivacity, in ardour, in the impetuosity of passion. Have you not said that your old master was a German?"

"Certainly—he was as German as I am myself."

"Well, then, this is just the unfavourable circumstance," pursued Paganini, patting poor Franz on the back. "Another time, when you wish to communicate to your violin the soul, fire, passion, and vivacity which I possess, see that your strings are composed of Italian entrails."

And he added in an undertone, "And try also to procure, if you can, the soul of an Italian."

—From the Italian of Antonio Ghislanzoni.

## Literature of Music

—O:—

### RICHARD WAGNER AND THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA.\*

THIS volume contains in the compass of some three hundred pages all that is necessary for an intelligent appreciation of the work of Richard Wagner. M. Ernst is a sturdy champion of the Prophet. He considers Wagner a great poet as well as a great musician, and his criticism of the Contemporary Drama results in the conclusion that Wagnerianism represents all that is valuable in the tendency of modern dramatic as well as operatic art. According to M. Ernst, modern art is tending towards Realism alike in painting, in literature, in music, and in the drama. But by this is meant the Realism of the inner spirit, not the outer form; not the Realism which brings cabs and fire-engines on the stage, but the Realism which depicts most truthfully the passions of the human heart. If the characters portrayed are real, their environment may be ideal. Lohengrin is an ideal

\* "Richard Wagner et le Drame contemporain." Par Alfred Ernst. Paris 1887. Librairie Moderne, 7 Rue Saint-Benoit, 3 fr. 50 c.



knight from the Castle of the Holy Grail, but he is swayed by passions like our own. In this sense Idealism becomes the highest form of Realism, and Truth and Fiction are not necessarily opposed. This is very slippery ground, and M. Ernst occasionally loses his feet. He seems to forget that although there may be no antagonism between the ideal and the real, there is another element, the conventional, which must be considered. Like other ardent Wagnerians, M. Ernst is apt to overlook the fact that all art is necessarily conventional to some limited extent. Thus his remarks, excellent so far as they go, hardly go to the root of the matter.

It would, however, be out of place in noticing a book of this kind, to enter into an elaborate discussion as to the nature and limitations of operatic art. It would only be skipped by all but the most conscientious of our readers! After all, these somewhat thorny theoretical considerations only form the introduction to what is an essentially popular account of Wagner's work. We know no book in which the subject is presented in such an eminently readable form. It contains detailed and graphic descriptions of all Wagner's operas, from "The Fairies" down to "Parsifal." The action is clearly described with the aid of numerous quotations from the libretto, and the dramatic effect of both words and music is critically examined. There is a separate chapter on Wagner as a poet, in which, by way of contrast, we are given a pathetic picture of the troubles of other composers with their librettists—how Schikaneder made nonsense of "Il Flauto Magico," and how the feeble twaddle of Helmine von Chetzy doomed "Euryanthe" to an unmerited neglect. M. Ernst has an easy task in demolishing the silly assertion of the anti-Wagnerians that Wagner was not a melodist. There is another chapter on Wagner as a harmonist, in which interesting details are given as to his instrumentation. Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth is described; the structure of his operas, his preludes, his *leitmotifs*, are all fully discussed. The vexed question of the effect which the singing of Wagner's operas produces on the voice, receives its share of attention. Space does not permit us to do more than touch on these elements of interest, and we must refer our readers—those who understand French—to M. Ernst's book, of which we give as a sample the following quotation:—

A distinguished critic has recently expressed the opinion that actors should not attempt to imitate even the most natural gestures. Even in the spoken drama, he would make two actors engaged in conversation stand with their faces to the footlights, and remain in that position till the conversation is ended. Now for my part, I should like, even in the operatic drama, to see the actor take some account of probability, and stand or walk about the stage as naturally as he can. It has been urged that it is necessary that a singer should face the audience if he is to be understood. This is a mistake: in Saint-Saëns' "Henry the Eighth," at the Opéra in Paris, Madame Krauss was able to sing Catharine of Aragon's long complaint before the Synod, facing the king (with her profile to the spectators), and this in spite of the detestable acoustics of the theatre, and the fact that her voice was somewhat fatigued. In August 1886, I saw Mdlle. Theresa Malten in the part of Isolde at Bayreuth: when the time came for the Malediction, she ran to the back of the stage: there with both arms raised towards the curtain of the tent which hid Tristan and the stern of the ship—consequently with her back turned to the audience—she uttered the terrible imprecation: *Fluch dir, Verrucher! Fluch deinem Haupt!* Not a note, not a syllable, was lost: as for the dramatic effect, it was simply marvellous.

Thus if the acoustics of the theatre are good, and the artists know how to articulate their words (which is not at all common), it will be quite possible to reproduce action and gesture on the stage in a natural manner. But this can only be attained if the character of our operas is such as to demand it. It would be thrown away on operas made up of cavatinas; we shall find it essential where we have to deal with genuine musical dramas.

#### THE CHORAL SOCIETY.\*

If we lay claim to the title of a musical nation, it is our Choral Societies that must furnish the necessary credentials. In operatic and instrumental music we are slow, and somewhat painfully, following in the track of other nations, but in choral music we have done excellent work of our own. England is the home of Oratorio, and in sacred art our composers and our choristers have handed down to us a wealth of tradition. Our Choral Societies have thus an important work to perform, and we gladly welcome the

appearance of a book in which the conditions of their maintenance and development are fully discussed. Mr. Venables, who is the conductor of the South London Choral Association, has supplemented his own experience of twenty years, by collecting statistics from every part of the country. He scattered broadcast a series of questions, and he has received replies from no fewer than 200 secretaries and conductors. These are obviously valuable materials, and they are utilized with great skill. Mr. Venables has no pet theories to air. His work is a plain statement of matters which come within the range of ordinary observation, but which are often not observed. It is terse and lucid, and while it positively bristles with facts, it will be found lively and entertaining by the lightest of light readers.

The 200 replies to Mr. Venables' inquiries show the existence of much diversity in organization. This is as it should be. Life in a London suburb is very different from life in a provincial town, and this comes out clearly in the rules of the respective societies. It would be the merest pedantry and red-tapeism to desire anything like a hard-and-fast uniformity under essentially different conditions. In large societies it is found necessary to adopt a rigid subdivision of labour, and above all a precise code of rules,—it is only in the political world that we can manage to get on with a constitution "broadening down from precedent to precedent." But elaborate rules and regulations are out of place for a small society in which the conductor can easily become personally acquainted with each individual member. It is useful to bear in mind the good old maxim: "You must cut your coat according to your cloth." A number of the larger societies have a strict entrance examination. It is obviously desirable that, whenever practicable, a preliminary test should be adopted. But if the conductor of the Choral Union of Hollow-in-the-Marsh is too zealous in riding this particular hobby, he may find himself left with a *bilton* and no choir. A good many people who can sing tolerably well, are frightened at the very name of an examination. Besides, there is another and a more telling argument. As one conductor plaintively observes, "We need as many 7s. 6d. subscriptions as we can get." 'Tis true, 'tis pity. Unfortunately a good many choirs want as many 7s. 6d. subscriptions as they can get. After all, we shall be Philistine enough to say—please don't show this to Mr. Ruskin—that they had better take the 7s. 6d. subscription than wait for the "Millennium, when every Town Council and Local Board shall build a concert-hall and permanently establish a Choral Association.

Another point in which small choirs are apt to enter into a mistaken rivalry with larger associations, is the engagement of expensive solo singers. The secretary of the Hawick Choral Union lately said: "We can't afford a thirty-guinea vocalist in Hawick." In small towns, such high fees simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Mr. Venables advocates the employment of local artists who are not members of the choir. He rightly points out that to entrust solos to actual members of the choir often leads to hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, while it, moreover, tends to depreciate the value of choral work.

Mr. Venables' remarks on another mistake of vaulting ambition are so pithy as to demand a *verbatim* reproduction:—

At the present time (1886) there is a great race between all societies all over the kingdom to be the first in their several districts to perform the works written for the great musical festivals. Nothing will satisfy the ambition of conductor, committee, or members, but to attempt Gounod's latest oratorio, Dvorák's last cantata, etc. They do not stop to inquire if their members can "read" a single page of the score. What does it matter if the chief interest of the work is in its orchestral details, which they must render (!) upon a simple pianoforte, or worse, much worse, with an incomplete band, utterly unable to master the intricacies of their parts? Have not the leading musical critics praised the work, and will not their society be applauded for its enterprise? It is to be feared that this haste to be famous hinders rather than helps true musical education. Instead of calm, steady work, well suited to the capacity of the performers, work which would mould their tastes on a sound model, and increase their knowledge by sure steps, there is produced a musical fever, a false estimate of their powers, and a meretricious standard of performance. For a season or two, small societies may by such means force themselves into a fictitious importance. Their glory will be brief. A reaction will follow the fever. Too often complete collapse ensues, the society breaks up, and its failure steps for a time the legitimate course of musical progress.

Small societies cannot do better than study the classic works of the old masters. An intelligent rendering of the "Messiah" or the "Creation" is greatly preferable to a slipshod performance of Dvorák's "St. Ludmila," or Gounod's "Redemption." Perfection is the aim of art, and works should be selected in which perfection can be most nearly attained. Besides, as we have pointed out in speaking of the music chosen for the celebration of Easter, it is only right that the young musicians who are every year joining the ranks of concert-goers, should have the chance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the great masterpieces of musical art.

Space does not permit us to do more than give a mere index of Mr. Venables' chapters. From the chapter on Membership, we learn that there is an elementary singing-class in connection with as many as thirty-six societies; and the chapter on Accompaniments informs us that one society in every three boasts an amateur orchestral department. Nothing seems to be omitted. There is a set of model rules, a model balance-sheet, and a model programme. There are hints on the use of boys' voices and male altos; the causes of singing flat are methodically indicated; the important question of the balance of voices is adequately dealt with. We jot down at random the following heads of discussion:—Encores, pitch, attendance, accompaniment of recitatives, the hissing S, visitors, impropriety of conduct. Mr. Venables is practical enough to inform those whom it may concern, that in the payment of instrumentalists, a special allowance has to be made for the conveyance of double basses and kettle-drums; and his chapter on the Management of Concerts is minute enough to contain a *recipe* for making a palatable cooling drink!

Mr. Venables is a very shrewd observer. The remark that a good pianist is not necessarily a good accompanist, is indeed common property; Mr. Venables goes further, and points out that even a good song-accompanist is not necessarily a good accompanist for a choir, as song-accompanists often acquire the habit of "rushing" the introduction and interludes at a quicker speed than the vocal parts. Talking of the common complaint as to a lack of altos, he remarks that owing to a deficient knowledge of music, many ladies with alto voices join the sopranos *because the sopranos sing the air*. Mr. Venables seems to be a capital judge of character; he quite knows how to apply to choirs Artemus Ward's remark, that "there is a good deal of human nature in man." Here is his description of the Secretary:—

Second only to the conductor in value to a society, and in many respects of even greater importance, is the Secretary. He is the cement that keeps the bricks (members) of the musical edifice together. The Secretary who neglects to make the personal acquaintance of each member, and omits a pleasant word or smile as each enters or leaves the practice-room, is not the man for the post. He should consider himself (representing the whole executive of the society) as the host of the gathering, treating all his visitors with equal courtesy and attention. It must ever be borne in mind that members of a choir voluntarily submit themselves to vocal drill and discipline, and pay for the privilege; they do not consequently expect to be regarded as "hired servants." Music is their recreation. Great as their love for singing may be, it will not for long impel their attendance at a practice where social amenities are disregarded.

Mr. Venables gives a similar psychological analysis of the ideal conductor, to whom he gives the golden advice, *Subscribe to several of the best musical periodicals*. Could any advice be more sound, more practical, more thoroughly to the point? Any further evidence of Mr. Venables' wisdom would only be in the nature of an anti-climax; so we shall conclude our review by remarking that we should like to see this excellent advice extended to the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Librarian, the Ladies' Convener, and every individual member of every individual choir!

AN American lady tells her friends that she can soothe any baby to sleep with one of her sentimental songs. A sceptic Yankee whispers to his neighbour, "Don't believe it, an American baby is far too sharp for it. It pretends to be asleep in order to escape the song."

HELLMESBERGER, one of the conductors of the Vienna opera, is noted for his witty sayings. He had in his orchestra a violinist named Green, who was a very good musician, but played often out of tune. Said Hellmesberger one day to those near him, "Green suits the eye, but not the ear."

\* "The Choral Society." By L. C. Venables. London 1887. J. Curwen & Sons, 8 Warwick Lane, E.C. Price 3s.



# The Complaint of a Quiet Street.



WAS once a quiet street in Berlin.

I am still a street in Berlin; but had it been possible for a street to change its abode, I should have been a street at the Antipodes long ago, that is, if I could have dropped my inhabitants into the sea on my way thither.

Do you ask why? You shall presently hear.

As I was saying, I was once a quiet, a very quiet street. Although I am situated in the very heart of the city, comparatively little of the dust and din of promiscuous traffic reaches me, for the shady nook in which I nestle is protected at one end by a tall, red-brick church, while at the other end a high wall blocks the passage into the main street. Solemn silence is therefore my chief characteristic, scarcely broken now and then in dusty weather, when a dignified watering cart trundles slowly up my right side and down my left, or when a stray cab or carriage drives up to one of my doors (for I have a real lieutenant living in me), causing for a few minutes much excitement amongst my inhabitants.

Yet it cannot be said that I am a street of no importance, for, besides the usual undertaker's shop with the ornamental coffin in the window, without which no German street considers itself complete, I have both a fire-office and a police-station in me, not to mention a post-office just round the corner. So seldom, however, do fires or burglaries occur in the neighbourhood, that the policemen and firemen do little else than sleep all day, except indeed on Sundays, when they play cards.

Even the children who live in my courts and play in my gutters are not so noisy as other streets' children. Possibly the presence of so many members of that august body, the *Berliner Polizei*, awes them into comparative quietness, for German children have a great respect for policemen, and would never dream of calling them "Bobbies" like their rude little cousins on the other side of the North Sea.

Ah, yes! these were happy, peaceful days, but they were destined to come to an untimely end. By some mysterious unanimity of impulse, a perfect flock of musicians, each armed with an instrument, arrived from various quarters of the globe, and settled in me. Henceforth my Paradise of Rest was changed into a Pandemonium of Hideous Noises.

A violoncello came to No. 1, an American organ to No. 3, a flute and a double-bass to No. 13, and a bassoon to No. 14; but No. 7, the house exactly opposite the police and fire offices, the house which was the pride and glory of the whole neighbourhood on account of its aristocratic occupant, the young Lieutenant von Hammerstedt, was the house which fared worse than any.

Two Polish ladies brought a piano to the ground floor; a young English lady with a soprano voice also brought a piano to the room immediately above the lieutenant's; her brother came with her, and with him came a violin; while a gentleman on the top storey, who had

a day each, and *always* with the windows open.

To the same floor there came a most remarkable-looking creature, dressed from head to foot in a light blue overcoat, from the collar of which there spouted, like smoke from an unswept chimney, a tangled mass of dusky hair. The hair and overcoat appeared to be the outer covering to a very small young man, who further possessed very large hands and feet, a hooked nose, and a baggy, green umbrella. He carried a roll of music under his arm generally, but as he brought no musical instrument with him I began to hope that he did this for effect.

I was mistaken.

Early one morning the Polish lady on the ground floor was practising busily. The Wests were still in bed, and except for the one piano, all was quiet in No. 7. The lady was playing something soft and slow, which only made the surrounding stillness more palpable, and mingled pleasantly in the dreams of the sleepers.

Suddenly a crash was heard, and as Maud and Harry started from their slumbers in alarm, a perfect torrent of music assailed their ears. The air seemed full of it; one almost expected to see quavers, crotchets, chromatic runs, and grand chords flying about in visible form.

"What on earth has happened?" cried Maud.

"It is that beggar Cohn," shouted Harry from the other side of the wall, "he must have got his piano home last night when we were out."

"Then good-bye to peace!" groaned Maud.

Alas! peace had said good-bye to me a week ago.

The ground floor piano came to a sudden stop. There was silence on the ground floor for the space of ten minutes; then vicious scales were heard rushing up and down the piano in vindictive opposition to the flood of notes above. Fired by this example, Harry sprang out of bed, seized his violin, and commenced some ear-rending exercises on the high notes; his sister hastily drew on her dressing-gown, ran into the sitting-room, and began to play furious waltzes on the piano; while the gentleman on the top storey struck up a drinking song. The noise was deafening. The police rushed to the office door; the firemen began to turn out the engines; rows of night-capped heads appeared at all the windows, and quite a little crowd collected in front of No. 7.

It was fully twenty minutes before the alarm subsided.

The Wests and the lady on the ground floor presently stopped playing, and took their breakfast, but Herr Otto Cohn, not having any breakfast to take perhaps, still continued to crash out his brilliant treble and thundering bass notes with undiminished ardour. I now began to understand the singularity of his appearance: the little man was a genius.

Otto was in the middle of a wild rhapsody by Liszt when Harry suddenly entered the room. There was a bland smile on Harry's face which made Otto tremble in his big shoes, for he had been previously

acquainted with Harry, and knew from experience that that smile meant mischief.

"I have come to inform you," began Harry, "that if you do not shut your window and make less row, the consequences will be unpleasant to yourself."

"Make less row yourself, and get out of my room," said Otto, who was not brave, but whose irascibility sometimes made him foolhardy.

"What!" roared Harry, beginning to look terrible. "Go away!" screamed Otto, getting behind the piano, "go away! or I shall call my landlady."

Harry's gravity was completely upset at this threat, and his laughter roused to a still higher pitch the wrath of the unfortunate pianist.

"Ach! you pig, ugly lamp-post!" shrieked the little man, making violent but aimless probes across the piano with the ever-ready umbrella.

Harry, still in convulsions of laughter, knocked the Camp-like weapon into the middle of the room, pounced upon its owner, who subsided into a music-stand, dragged him up to the window, forced him to close it, then released him with a final shake, and left the room with an admonition "not to cheek an Englishman again."

"Yah! pah! old ros bif! nashty English romp shteah!" screamed Otto down the passage after his too muscular adversary; then he shut and locked the door hastily, and began to wail over his broken umbrella.

On the landing Harry found the lieutenant and the gentleman from the top storey, both of whom had heard the noise of the quarrel, and come to see what it was all about.

"I hope you have not hurt him, Harry," cried his sister, running out to meet him, "he is such a weak little" — Then she stopped short, abashed at the sight of the strangers, and blushed so becomingly that they both, after the manner of their countrymen, lost their hearts to her on the spot. The lieutenant saluted her in his military fashion, and the gentleman from the top storey bowed several times in succession.

"Oh, I was quite gentle with him," said Harry.

"To judge from the noise he is still making," remarked the lieutenant, who understood English, "one would think he had been half-murdered."

The gentleman from the top storey, who did not understand English, put on an intelligent air as if he knew all about it, and again bowed once or twice.

"It is only his insulted dignity that is troubling him," replied Harry.

"This disturbance must be very unpleasant for you, Fräulein," said the lieutenant, looking sympathetic.

"Not at all; I rather enjoy it," said Maud. "I am afraid it is you who will be most disturbed by it—and you," she added politely, looking up at the gentleman from the top storey.

"Yiss," said the gentleman from the top storey.

"I am very sorry," said Maud, a little put out at the candid answer; "I am afraid it is our fault, but we must practise, you know."

"I do not think he understands what you say," said the lieutenant; "but I can speak for myself, Fräulein; the music in the house does not annoy me at all,"—the lieutenant was generally out all day, but he did not mention that,—"there is nothing I like better than to hear you sing."

"You are very kind," murmured Maud.

The lieutenant then said he was sorry he could not stay to watch the "musical campaign," but he hoped to hear the result when he came home in the evening. Then, with another military salute, he took his departure, and the gentleman from the top storey followed his example, nearly upsetting himself and his companion in the endeavour to bow himself downstairs backwards.

It was night; the noise of many instruments had ceased, and the weary musicians had laid them down to rest—all except Maud and Harry, who stood in front of No. 7, looking at the closed door in dismay. No. 7 has no outer bell, and if its belated inhabitants have either forgotten their key, or have refused to burden themselves with nine inches of (generally rusty) iron, they have no alternative but to remain in the street all night, unless they are fortunate enough to find a night-watchman, who, for a consideration, will open the door for them. Night-watchmen, however, are seldom or never to be found when wanted.



On this occasion there certainly seemed none within hearing, for, though Harry shouted "Wächter!" in his very best German till he was hoarse, not a Wächter came to the rescue, and Harry, in a rage, was just about to break in the door with his shoulders, when the lieutenant appeared on the scene, and expressed much concern at their awkward plight.

"Have you been waiting long?" he inquired.

"Only about three-quarters of an hour," growled Harry, who was somewhat given to exaggeration.

"Not possible!" exclaimed the lieutenant, pulling out his key in a great hurry. "You must be frozen to death, Fräulein."

In the passage was utter darkness, but the lieutenant did not object, as it gave him an excuse to help Miss Maud upstairs, which he did with much unnecessary solicitude.

Then the Wests could do no less than invite the lieutenant in to supper, and the lieutenant could do no less than accept the invitation; and as it was too late to ask the landlady to serve them, Maud had to prepare a little supper with her own fair hands, and she looked so charming as she made the coffee over a little silver spirit-lamp, and poured it out into her pretty English china cups, that the lieutenant made up his mind to propose to her on the first opportunity that occurred, and stared at her so unremittently through the clouds of smoke made by his cigarette, that Maud grew quite embarrassed, and nearly upset the cream-jug.

At this little supper, which lasted till long after midnight, Harry had most of the conversation to himself. Maud, whose tongue generally ran as fast as her brother's, hardly opened her lips, while the lieutenant contented himself with the language of the eyes. He had very fine eyes, and although Maud looked so demure and innocent, she did not lose a single glance, you may be sure.

Very different was Miss Maud's behaviour next day with the gentleman from the top storey, who had called on some trivial excuse, which had taken him, however, a whole day to invent. There were neither blushes nor shy glances for him. No; she looked straight at him with her bewildering blue eyes, and laid siege to his heart with a perfect battery of smiles, dimples, and saucy, laughing remarks, in the prettiest broken German imaginable. She had no idea of the mischief she was doing, of the sleepless nights and harassing thoughts she was preparing for the unfortunate young man; or of the reams of good note-paper which he would spoil during the next few weeks in the vain endeavour to sing her praises in rhyme. Maud had a habit of storming people's hearts just in the way they could least resist, and although little more than a week had elapsed since she had come to live with us, she was already an object of adoration to all the tradespeople in the neighbourhood (who cheated her, nevertheless, whenever they had the opportunity), and to every dirty little child that rolled in the gutter. Even the police took quite a fatherly interest in her; and one romantic young fireman had constant visions of No. 7 in flames, himself passing through fire, smoke, and peril, bearing the lovely *Engländerin* down the fire-escape in his arms, and rushing off with her to some lonely desert isle—rather a difficult thing to find in the vicinity of Berlin.

Till his quarrel with Harry, little Otto Cohn had been one of Maud's most ardent admirers. He was now, perhaps, the only enemy she had.

One day Otto was creeping home, looking very feeble and yellow, when he was overtaken by Maud, who was so much struck by his miserable appearance, that, instead of passing him with her usual nonchalant nod, she slackened her steps, and asked if he were ill.

Otto only shook his head mournfully.

"Have you had bad news from home?"

Otto again shook his head.

"Perhaps you are home-sick? Why don't you go home for a few days? I am sure your mother would be glad to see you."

"Ah! you want to be rid of me?" said Otto bitterly. "Oh, you English are sly! But I cannot rid you of me, Fräulein, for I have no money for the journey."

"No money? hence the home-sickness, I suppose."

"I have sickness, because I have not eaten since

three days," said the little man, his eyes filling with tears at the thought of his dinnerless condition.

"No!" exclaimed Maud in consternation. She had never seen a real, genuine case of starvation before. "Good gracious! how hungry you must be! why did your landlady not give you something till you get some money?"

"She does not trust me," said Otto simply.

"Well," said Maud, looking somewhat embarrassed, "I have plenty of money just now; if you like—if you do not mind—I could lend you some."

They were in the passage of No. 7 by this time, and Otto was leaning up against the wall in a state of great exhaustion. A feeble spark came into his eye, however, as Maud pressed ten shillings into his hand. "You had better come upstairs," she said kindly, "and I will give you something to eat in the meantime; you do not look fit to go out again."

"Will you assist me upstairs, Fräulein?" asked Otto in a faint voice; "I am too weak to ascend alone."

Maud did not much like it, but she could not refuse the poor little man her support, so, privately hoping that nobody would see her, she dragged the half-starved genius up the flight of steps, and left him on the landing, saying she would bring him some bread and wine immediately.

Otto, however, chose to follow her to her sitting-room.

"You must not come in here," remonstrated Maud, when she discovered him at her back; "Harry is out just now."



For answer, Otto sank into an easy-chair and closed his eyes.

Maud wondered if she ought to call her landlady, but concluded that it would be better to get him revived and bundled out of the room as quickly and quietly as possible. Otto seemed, however, in no hurry to revive, although Maud shook him with no great gentleness, and spilt a whole glass of wine over him in the attempt to pour some down his throat.

"Nasty creature!" she exclaimed crossly, pushing away his big head, which had a tendency to fall on her shoulder whenever she came near; "if he does not waken up very soon, he shall get nothing at all from me."

This threat seemed to have the effect of rousing Otto, who was at last sent away with a sandwich in his hand.

"Do not tell your brother that you gave me ten marks, Fräulein," he said; "I shall pay you back when my mother sends me money."

Maud, anxious to get rid of him, promised not to tell, and shut the door in his face with a sigh of relief.

Otto spent the ten shillings in four different restaurants that afternoon, and in consequence was too ill the next day to require any dinner, and the day after, as his mother had not yet sent him his expected remittance, he again borrowed from Maud. In fact, now that the precedent was established, he borrowed on all occasions and repaid her liberally with promises. Maud soon lost count of what he owed her, but as she always had plenty of money, it was a matter of indifference to her.

Otto had hoped to creep back into Maud's favour by

this little understanding with her, but he soon found to his chagrin, that, beyond paying for his dinners, she would have nothing to do with him. Otto's vanity, which, like that of most geniuses, was inordinate, suffered keenly from this treatment; he considered it the finishing blow to the many other slights he had received from the Wests; therefore, entirely forgetting his own share in the quarrel, he at last resolved to be revenged on these insolent *Engländer*. The resolution was indeed more easily made than carried out, for, out of the domain of music, Otto had no inventive talent, and it cost him several weeks of hard thinking before he hit upon the somewhat time-worn plan of writing anonymous letters to various persons concerned.

The first of these was addressed to the lieutenant. It informed him that Fräulein Maud West was playing fast and loose with him, that she was flirting violently with the gentleman from the top storey, and that she had a secret understanding with another gentleman, which went so far as receiving visits from him unknown to her brother.

The second note was much in the same strain, and was intended for the gentleman on the top storey; while the third epistle, written for Maud's special benefit, warned her in solemn terms to beware of a certain military gentleman, who was already boasting to his whole regiment of the easy conquest he had made of a beautiful young English lady.

If Otto had stopped here, he might have done some mischief, for his statements were to a certain extent founded on fact. We already know the grain of truth which lay in the letters to the two gentlemen; and the lieutenant had indeed once said to a brother officer and bosom friend (though in no boasting spirit), that he thought the *schöne Engländerin* was not indifferent to him, which remark, having been made at the door of No. 7 one evening when Otto's window happened to be open, was unfortunately overheard.

As I was saying, had Otto been content with these three notes, he might have succeeded in his designs, but it was his nature never to let well—or ill—alone. Accordingly he indited a fourth epistle, this time in English. Otto was very proud of his English. He often said, that though, for want of practice, he could not speak it *quite* perfectly, he could write it as well as any native of Britain. This letter he addressed to Miss Phipps, a maiden aunt of the Wests, who lived not far from Berlin, and to whom Otto had once paid a visit in the days when he and Harry were on friendly terms with each other.

"Dear Miss!" began Otto, in his very best handwriting; but thinking the adjective too familiar, he took a fresh sheet of paper, and commenced again.

"Honoured Miss!" so ran the letter, "I have much sorrow and many pains to inform to you a very sad secret. A young lady with name Miss Maud West, who is to you a parent"—Otto of course meant relative—"is loving with much ardour a young lieutenant, of whom she is very deceived. All regiments in the town know that Mr. Lieutenant von Hammerstedt has several sweethearts in Berlin and other places, and he is not convenient to marry your niece. You should also be let know that Miss West behaves as it becoms no young lady, and that all in the street speak over her light-minded conduct, especially as regards gentlemen, of whom some live in the house."

"Honoured Miss! the duty to tell you this sorrowful news is painful to me, but I do it with pleasure. I have the honour to undersign myself,—Your sincerely,

UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Otto was so proud of this composition, that he read it over at least twelve times, and kept declaiming portions of it to his umbrella all day. In the evening he posted the four letters in a distant part of Berlin (having borrowed the money for the stamps from Maud), and they all arrived at their various destinations at the same time next morning.

The consternation which they produced may be better imagined than described. The gentleman on the top storey could not eat his breakfast, and looked reproachfully at the Wests' door as he went downstairs. The lieutenant stamped and swore, and I am sorry to say, so far forgot himself as to throw his boots at his servant. Maud gave herself a headache with crying, and determined never, never, NEVER to



speaking to the lieutenant again. She had to go to a singing-lesson in the afternoon, and I believe astonished her master by bursting into tears in the middle of a song. The song happened to be about a false lover, so I suppose Maud had been overcome by the similarity of the heroine's position to her own.

While she was out, Miss Phipps arrived at No. 7. Harry was not at home either to receive her, but Miss Phipps established herself on the sofa with her lap-dog, her fan, her reticule, her parasol, her large black bonnet, and her spectacles, to await in awful dignity the arrival of her offending niece.

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Maud in alarm, as her eyes fell on the stern-looking figure, "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes indeed, miss," said Aunt Phipps severely, "something *has* happened."

"The dog—is it dead? Oh no, there it is! is it the cat then? or the canary? or the cockatoo?"

"It is neither the cat, nor the canary, nor the cockatoo," answered Miss Phipps, still more severely.

"That is a comfort at any rate. Well, aunt, I am very glad to see you; will you not take your bonnet off?"

"No, I shall keep my bonnet on."

"I suppose you have not brought your cap with you? Never mind, you must stay to dinner all the same."

"Who lives in this house besides yourselves?" asked Miss Phipps abruptly, taking no notice of the invitation.

"A great many people," answered Maud, as she took off her bonnet and began to smooth her hair; "there are two ladies, music-teachers, on the ground floor."

"Oh, indeed! is that all?" inquired Miss Phipps with an ironical sniff.

"No, there is a musician on this floor, and an architect above, any amount of landladies, and one or two empty rooms. Were you thinking of coming to live here, Aunt Phipps?"

"Certainly not! I shall not stay a moment longer in this house of bad odour than I can help."

"It has not half such a bad odour as most German houses," said Maud, at a loss to know what her aunt meant; "nobody here eats sauer-kraut."

Miss Phipps fixed her eye, or rather her spectacles, on her niece, and said darkly,—

"Somebody else lives here, and *you* know it."

"Lieutenant von Hammerstedt do you mean? He does not eat sauer-kraut either."

"Why did you not mention him before?"

"Because I know what a dislike you have to soldiers. His room is just below this one."

Miss Phipps drew up her feet suddenly as if the floor were red-hot. Maud handed her a hassock.

"Now," said Miss Phipps, "will you send your landlady to ask this Herr von Hammer and Tongs, or whatever he calls himself, to come up here at once?"

"Nonsense, aunt! why?"

"I wish to speak to him."

"I do not think he is in," said Maud.

"You seem to know a great deal about his doings," said her aunt sharply. "I insist upon seeing him, Maud. If you do not send your landlady with my message, I shall go myself."

So Maud, very much against her will, was obliged to send her landlady in search of the lieutenant, who presently made his appearance. Maud introduced him abruptly.

"Aunt, this is Lieutenant von Hammerstedt, whom you wished to see. Herr von Hammerstedt, this is my aunt, Miss Phipps; it is she who has sent for you, not I."

Then she turned her back on him.

The lieutenant saluted; Miss Phipps gathered her belongings closely about her, placed a chair in front of her as a sort of barricade, and said, "Ahem!"

"Ahem!" said the lieutenant.

Then there was a pause, in which the lieutenant tried to catch a glimpse of Maud's profile.

"Aunt, why do you not offer your guest a chair?"

"Sit down, sir," said Miss Phipps sternly.

The lieutenant sat down.

"Sir," began Miss Phipps, "it is my painful duty to ask you to discontinue your unwelcome attentions to my niece."

"He is not paying me any," said Maud hastily.

"I am sorry my attentions are unwelcome to your niece," said the lieutenant stiffly.

"You will oblige me by relieving her of them in future."

"If a lady wishes to relieve herself of a gentleman's attentions, she can generally do so without summoning her relatives to her aid," said the lieutenant, still more icily; he began to think that Maud and Miss Phipps were in league together; Miss Phipps' next words, therefore, were a surprise to him.

"Maud is only a silly girl; all silly girls like officers; I, her aunt, ask, *insist* upon your leaving her alone."

"May I ask you, Miss West's aunt, *why* I am to leave her alone?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Because, Mr. Hammerstones, I have heard on good authority that you are a flirt, a jilt, and a dissolute character, also that you have more than one—er—ahem—love affair in hand at once."

The lieutenant was speechless with astonishment.

"Aunt," said Maud quickly, "if you wish to insult Herr von Hammerstedt, I beg you to do so somewhere else than in my room."



The lieutenant cast a grateful glance at her, and received, to his amazement, a stony stare in return.

"If somebody would kindly explain this enigmatical scene to me I should be much obliged," he remarked.

"I think," said Miss Phipps, looking severely virtuous, "that the explanation I have already given ought to be sufficient. Nothing now remains to be done but to refuse this gentleman, Maud, at once, in my presence."

"That is quite unnecessary, aunt, as he has not proposed to me," answered Maud coldly.

"Tell him you do not wish the honour of his acquaintance."

"Nonsense, aunt," said Maud, who, though angry with the lieutenant, was determined not to side with Miss Phipps, "people don't go about declining other people's acquaintance in that ridiculously pompous manner."

"Then you are extremely foolish, Maud," said Miss Phipps, provoked at this universal contradiction.

"Your infatuation for this young man is simply marvellous. I suppose you still think he is going to marry you?"

"Aunt!"

"But you are very much mistaken; he is a well-known jilt, and you are only getting yourself talked about with your folly."

"Who talks about me, I should like to know?" cried Maud, white with anger.

"Everybody in the neighbourhood."

"How do you know that? You have not a single acquaintance in the neighbourhood."

"Nevertheless I know it, for a fact," said Miss Phipps firmly.

"I will go back to England to-morrow!" exclaimed

Maud, trying in vain to keep back her tears of mortification and anger. "I won't stay in this horrid b—backbiting country any longer, where one can't look at a man but he thinks one has fallen in love with him and goes away and boasts about it."

"You surely do not accuse me of doing such a thing!" exclaimed the lieutenant in consternation. "However, anything after being called a dissolute character!"

"The interview is now ended," said Miss Phipps solemnly.

"Not yet, madam; you must first tell me who is the inventor of these falsehoods about Miss West and me, so that, if he is a man, I may wring his neck."

"I certainly shall not tell you," replied Miss Phipps.

"Perhaps you do not know?" said the lieutenant, making a random shot.

Miss Phipps started, but quickly recovering herself, said she was not at liberty to divulge the name of her informant.

"May I ask if the accusations against us were made by word of mouth or by letter?"

Miss Phipps hesitated slightly, then said, "By letter."

"Written, I have no doubt, by my anonymous correspondent of this morning," remarked the lieutenant. "I should like to compare the handwriting."

"What!" said Maud; "did you get an anonymous letter this morning too?"

"Yes, containing an accusation against you."

"Dear me!" said Maud, "and I got one containing an accusation against you, and aunt one containing an accusation against everybody apparently; I wonder if nobody has got a letter containing an accusation against aunt?"

"Madam," said the lieutenant, turning to Miss Phipps, "it is evident that you have been imposed upon."—Miss Phipps looked very indignant.—"You have accused me of being a flirt, a jilt, and a dissolute character, also of making love to your niece without any intention of marriage. Acting on this belief, you very wisely advised her to renounce me; but as it happens, madam, I am neither a flirt, a jilt, nor a dissolute character, and to prove that I would be only too happy to marry Miss West if she would have me, I here ask her in your presence to accept me as her husband."

"Now you can refuse him, Maud," said Miss Phipps in a tone of satisfaction.

Maud looked sheepish. The lieutenant bent over her and whispered, "Do say 'yes,' Maudie; I love you so dearly, and I shall propose properly when Aunt Phipps is away."

"No whispering," said Aunt Phipps, "it is rude."

If it is embarrassing to propose in the presence of a third person, it is still more trying to accept. Maud looked helplessly at the lieutenant, and they both burst out laughing.

"Well, really!" said Miss Phipps, much offended at this levity.

"It is 'yes,' is it not?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes," murmured Maud, whereupon the lieutenant kissed her.

Miss Phipps screamed and spread her fan before her face.

"Madam," said the lieutenant, "were you never kissed by a young man?"

"Certainly not!" replied Miss Phipps, "and I hope I never shall be."

"You shall never say that again, madam," said the lieutenant, marching up to her, and before Miss Phipps knew what he was going to do, he had kissed her on both cheeks.

Miss Phipps again screamed, and beat him with her fan, while Maud went into convulsions in the background.

A roar of laughter from the door announced Harry's return.

"Are you—ha, ha, ha!—making love to Aunt Phipps?" shouted he, almost doubling up in the exuberance of his mirth.

"I was only kissing my future aunt."



"Eh, what?"

"And I now want to shake hands with my future brother."

When Harry had got over his surprise (brothers are always unnecessarily surprised when they hear that any one wants to marry their sisters), he shook hands cordially and gave the couple his blessing.

"By the by," said Aunt Phipps, "I suppose you know that Maud has a considerable fortune."

"No, I did not know it," replied the lieutenant indifferently, "but it is of no consequence, as I am a rich man myself."

"Oh, then," said Aunt Phipps, "there is nothing more to be said."

That kiss had completely won her.

O joy! O rapture! musicians are on the move. Otto Cohn at present spends his time in looking for new lodgings and in hiding from Harry and the lieutenant. The ladies on the ground floor have given up their rooms. The gentleman on the top storey no longer sings love songs, but dirges, which do not make much noise. The 'cello has gone on a long concert tour. The bassoon is ill. The double-bass is dead. The American organ has been sent away, and the flute has mysteriously disappeared without paying his bill. Noise is subsiding, peace is returning; only a few more days of unrest to be endured, and I shall once more be a quiet street in Berlin.

## Foreign Notes.

THE 29th of October will be remembered as a red-letter day in musical annals. The centenary of the production of "Don Giovanni" in Prague was celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm in Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, and every town of note where German is spoken. In Prague itself the centenary performance was given in the original Italian. It was repeated in German on the following day, and the Czechs had also a representation in their own dialect.

IN Paris M. Lassalle worthily filled the part of the Don, and the brothers de Rezké acted as Ottavio and Leporello. The female singers, however, are said to have been very deficient. A poem written for the occasion was recited by M. Lassalle, and during the entr'actes the audience crowded into the foyer to see Mozart's original score, which was lent for exhibition by Madame Pauline Viardot.

THE 500th performance of Gounod's "Faust" at the Opéra in Paris, was celebrated with great *éclat* on the 5th of November. The part of Marguerite was taken by Madame Lureau-Escalais, and the brothers de Rezké represented Faust and Mephistopheles. Gounod conducted (having overcome the scruples of what was, perhaps, after all, an excessive modesty), and was presented with a splendid bâton of green ivory, adorned with appropriate chasings.

NIKITA's tour has been the great sensation of the musical season in Germany. We quote elsewhere the opinions of the German press. Up to the date on which we go to press, Nikita has sung in Berlin, Hamburg, Altona, Lübeck, Bremen, Hanover, Brunswick, Magdeburg, Leipzig, and Dresden.

A CONTROVERSY has been raging in Paris about the state of the Grand Opéra. A number of critics have made a fierce attack on the directors, MM. Ritt and Gailhard, and the defence is a half-hearted sort of affair. The indictment is in two heads, (1) a hackneyed *répertoire*; (2) indifferent singers. It is said that a cheese-paring spirit of economy is at the root of the matter, and as the Opéra is believed to be paying well just at present, the Parisians are beginning to expect something more for their money.

THERE is a special grudge against MM. Ritt and Gailhard because the *personnel* of the Opéra is largely comprised of foreigners. Of course this feeling reached a climax in the agitation connected with the engagement of Fräulein Leisinger from the Opéra in Berlin.

Le Minstrel announces that there are signs of an improvement. Madame Fidès Devries has returned, and there is some talk of the re-engagement of Madame Caron. This would strengthen the company on the side on which it is most deficient. Besides, the re-engagement of Madame Caron would in all probability lead to the production of "Otello." Verdi selected Madame Caron for the part of Desdemona, and it was owing to the obstinate refusal of MM. Ritt and Gailhard to re-engage her, that the negotiations for the production of "Otello" in Paris last spring were interrupted.

FROM Le Minstrel we learn that M. Saint-Saëns has gone to Spain, where he is now composing the new opera "Benvenuto Cellini," which will form the chief novelty at the Grand Opéra in Paris for the season 1888-89.

THE directors of the Opéra have asked him to cut down his "Henry the Eighth" to three acts, in order that it may be possible to put on a ballet on the same evening! They seem to look on "Henry the Eighth" as a musical pill, which can only be rendered palatable by a thick Terpsichorean gilding! M. Saint-Saëns refuses to mutilate his work, but, as a compromise, has agreed to allow a partial representation, consisting of three out of the four acts.

M. SAINT-SAËNS' opera "Étienne Marcel" has been performed at Lille with signal success. He conducted in person, and received quite an ovation.

M. JULES BARNIER is carrying on with success his duties of interim director of the Opéra-Comique. The performances are said to be on a high artistic level, and good houses have been obtained. The season opened with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and since then old favourites, such as "la Dame blanche," "le Pré aux Clercs," and "The Crown Diamonds," have been revived in quick succession. A melancholy significance attaches to the revival of M. Chabrier's "le Roi malgré lui," which was produced exactly a week before the catastrophe of the 25th May.

MISS SIGRID ARNOLDSON, the promising pupil of the lamented Maurice Strakosch, will take the part of Mignon in a series of representations at the Opéra-Comique in the present month. She is now studying her part under the guidance of the composer, Ambrose Thomas.

To the success Miss Arnoldson attained in London last summer, she has now added fresh laurels, won in her native Sweden, and in Holland. At the Hague and Amsterdam she sang as Rosina in "Il Barbiere."

COUNT HOCHBERG, the new director of the Opera in Berlin, appears to have a very quarrelsome temper. Our readers will remember how he caused Von Bülow to be excluded from the Opera House last spring. He has now quarrelled with his own superintendent, Herr von Strantz, and the suspension of the latter has been a nine days' wonder in Berlin.

POLLINI, the director of the Opera in Hamburg, is a most enterprising man. His company is strong enough to enable him to promise three representations of "Fidelio" on the same evening in Hamburg, Altona, and Lübeck.

UNDER Pollini's management, and Von Bülow's conductorship, the Hamburg Opera is becoming the admiration of Germany. It is getting quite a regular thing for musical men in Berlin to take a run down to Hamburg to be present at the more important representations, and they return vowing vengeance against Count Hochberg and all his works.

WAGNER'S YOUTHFUL SYMPHONY has been going the round of Germany (Berlin, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Dresden, Mainz), and the critics generally profess themselves more than interested.

THE arrangements for next summer's Bayreuth Festival are now fully announced. The performances will commence on the 22nd of July, and continue till the 19th of August. There will be two performances of "Parsifal" and two of "Die Meistersinger" each week. Herr Levi of Munich will after all be able to appear. He will conduct the "Parsifal" performances, and the representations of "Die Meistersinger" will be entrusted to Herr Felix Mottl of Carlsruhe.

THE *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* states that Herr Fritz Plank of Carlsruhe will take the part of Hans Sachs in the representations of "Die Meistersinger" at the Festival.

JOACHIM has been playing with Haussmann at the Gürzenich Concerts in Cologne in a new concerto for violin, violoncello, and orchestra by Brahms. Brahms conducted, and the work was most favourably received.

PHILIPP SCHARWENKA has finished a romantic opera entitled "Roland."

THE opera-goers of St. Petersburg are enthusiastic about a new opera by Tchaikovsky entitled "The Enchantress," which was lately brought out at the Imperial Theatre.

TSCHAIKOVSKY has made arrangements for a series of concerts in France and Germany, at which a number of his own works will be performed. His tour is to commence in the beginning of next year, and he will spend January and February in Germany, and March and April in France.

MDLLE. VON ZANDT is to sing this month in Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

PATTI is to sing this month in Paris at the Opéra-Comique at a concert for the benefit of the funds of the French Hospital in London.

GOUNOD's mass "Joan of Arc," which we reviewed in our issue for September, has been performed at Orléans and in the Church of Saint-Eustache in Paris.

AFTER singing with great success in Holland, the Mikado Company have returned to Berlin, where they are appearing at Kroll's. They have added "Pinafore" to their *répertoire*.

ZÖLLNER's long-promised version of "Faust" has been produced at last in Munich. The composer distinguishes this version by using as the libretto the *ipsissima verba* of Goethe; there is no alteration, except in the form of "cuts." The music, which is Wagnerian in character, seems to have given satisfaction.

IN connection with the "Don Giovanni" Centenary, a number of German theatres (among others Prague, Hamburg, Munich, and Darmstadt) have organized Mozart Cycles. In these Cycles the whole of Mozart's operas, beginning with "Idomeneo," have been performed in turn.

ENCOURAGED by the success of their Centenary performance of "Don Giovanni" last August, the "Mozarteum" of Salzburg proposes to organize another Mozart Festival for next year. Richter will again be the conductor.

THE production of "Siegfried" at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels is postponed. To adapt a familiar proverb, when there is any difficulty in operatic matters, look out for a tenor! None of the tenors in the permanent company care to take up the part, and the well-known Belgian tenor, Van Dyk, whose name has been suggested, is said to be going to Germany to study German for four months, in preparation for the Festival performances at Bayreuth, in which he is engaged to take the part of Walther von Stolzing.



A DANISH composer, Johann Bartholdy, has made a hit with a new opera on the ever-fresh subject of Loreley. The opera was produced in Copenhagen.

THERE is some talk of giving a number of representations in Italian at the Opera in Vienna next spring. Marcella Sembrich would be the prima donna for the nonce, and she would sing in "Lucia," "La Traviata," and "Lakmé," by Léo Delibes.

M. LAMOUREUX has been in the clutches of the law, but he has come safely out again with only a few scratches in the form of an indemnity. The proprietors of the Eden Theatre sued him for damages amounting to £9500, for breach of contract over the "Lohengrin" affair last May. M. Lamoureux's plea of compulsion on the part of the Government was very properly accepted, but it was ascertained that another part of the agreement related to the performance of music to which the most patriotic of gamins could have taken no objection, and as this part of the agreement was also left unfulfilled, damages to the extent of £400 were allowed.

M. LAMOUREUX's Wagner concerts are now being held in the Cirque des Champs Elysées. The orchestra is 120 strong.

BIZET's music is gaining increased popularity in Paris. We are apt to forget that Bizet has written other music besides "Carmen." His music to Alphonse Daudet's beautiful play "L'Arlésienne" has lately been performed with great success at the Concerts du Châtelet.

THE director of the Opera in Buda-Pesth has managed to incur a deficit of £20,000. The matter has been made the subject of investigation by a Parliamentary Committee.

MISS MARIE WURM, the last holder of the Mendelssohn Scholarship, formerly held by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Frederick Corder, has appeared as a pianist in Berlin, and has been favourably criticised.

It is well known that several score of new operas are produced every year in Italy. Orchestral music does not, however, appear to be in a very flourishing condition in that favoured land. The *Teatro illustrato* of Milan announces that in a symphony competition instituted by the Orchestral Society of Rome, not one of the symphonies submitted was considered worthy of an award. This reminds us of the result of the instrumental competitions at this year's Eisteddfod.

It would seem that money is plentiful enough in South America. We noticed the fact that Adelina Patti is to receive £1200 a night for a series of fifteen performances in Rio de Janeiro next April. Tamagno is also said to be engaged for Buenos Ayres, where he will sing as Otello in Verdi's new opera, the part which he created at Milan. The engagement is for four months, and the terms £30,000!

MUSICAL life in Frankfort has lately been most vigorous. The well-known tenor, Herr Vogl, has been electrifying audiences at the Opera as a Star, or a Guest as the Germans call it. Then, besides the visit of Sarasate, which is described elsewhere, the good people of Frankfort have been delighted with the playing of Madame Schumann, her pupil Mdlle. Kleeberg and Sophie Menter. Madame Schumann was welcomed with special enthusiasm by the many English students in Frankfort, some of whom have enjoyed the advantage of being her pupils.

CHAMBER MUSIC appears to be in a very flourishing condition in Victoria. We published last month a list of the works performed by the "Musical Association of Victoria" during the past season. We have now received a report from the "Musical Artists' Society of Victoria," which covers an equally wide field.

## Music in America.

THE season of German Opera in New York opened on the 2nd November with "Tristan and Isolde." Tristan was represented by Niemann, Isolde by Lilli Lehmann, Brangäne by Marianne Brandt, and King Mark by Fischer. It is really exasperating to read of five performances of "Die Meistersinger," "Fidelio," "Siegfried," "Tannhäuser," and "Götterdämmerung," while in London we have to content ourselves with comic or so-called comic operas. Have we not had quite enough of laughing to last us for a generation?

INTERCOURSE between England and America in matters of art continues to increase. To begin with, our American cousins are at present enjoying Irving's version of "Faust." Then Barton M'Guckin and Ludwig are singing in the National Opera Company. Finally, Edward Lloyd has signed an engagement for the Cincinnati Musical Festival.

THE young violinist, Teresina Tua, has commenced her American tour with two concerts in New York. The papers praise her execution, but seem to think that she lacks any great power of expression. She is, moreover, said to have been over-advertised.

HERR KLINDWORTH, the well-known editor of Chopin, is going to settle down in New York.

ANOTHER English Opera Company has been formed under the management of Mr. Max Strakosch. It commences operations in New York.

"DOROTHY" has been brought out in New York under the direction of the composer. Mr. Cellier next proceeds to Australia, where his opera is to be produced at Christmas.

MALE choirs flourish in New York as well as in their native Germany. The Arion Society has lately opened a splendid club-house, and the German Liederkreis, under the presidency of Mr. Steinway, is also in a prosperous condition.

A FESTIVAL of five concerts has been held at Taunton in Massachusetts. The works performed were Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen," Mendelssohn's "Forty-second Psalm," Hiller's "Song of Victory," Gounod's "Gallia," and Handel's "Samson."

MR. GOLDMARK, the American representative of a number of European authors and composers, has acquired from Madame Wagner the exclusive rights for America of all Wagner's operas except "Parsifal," and he is confident that he will be able to defend his rights against all attacks.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York Musical Courier*, reached its 400th number on the 12th October. It is pointed out that the cause of Music in America has made great progress since 1880, the year in which the *Musical Courier* was founded. The American College of Musicians has sprung into existence, and fresh life has been infused into the meetings of the Music Teachers National Association. The music of American composers now receives proper recognition, and, above all, an immense improvement has taken place in operatic representations. Instead of scratch companies hastily huddled together to play with some operatic star, New York can now boast what is practically a permanent opera. The representations of German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House show that beauty of ensemble and that seriousness of purpose which can alone be deemed worthy of the aims and aspirations of modern art.

It would be absurd for any musical paper to claim the credit for all this, but there is no doubt that the steady and vigorous advocacy of the *Musical Courier*

has done much to encourage those tendencies which make for progress. The *Musical Courier* is above all a champion of Wagnerianism, and Wagnerianism seems to have become the most potent factor in the musical life of the America of to-day. It is no exaggeration in the *Musical Courier* to say that "the genius of Wagner is recognised in New York far more unreservedly, and his works performed and appreciated more frequently and thoroughly, than is the case in any other city on the globe, not excepting the musical centres of Germany."

## The Non-copyright Schumann.

THE copyright of Schumann's works expired on the 31st December 1886, and a pleasant feature in the musical history of the present year has been the appearance of a number of Schumann editions, vying with one another in elegance and cheapness and in carefulness of editing. We have now before us a splendid edition published by the Steingraber Verlag in Hanover, who are entering into a spirited rivalry with the famous firms of Litolf and Peters. It is edited by Dr. Hans Bischoff of Berlin, who has already edited the pianoforte works of Bach for the same firm. Dr. Bischoff has entered into his work *con amore*, and the result is an edition which is in every way worthy to be compared with the Klindworth Edition of Chopin. As in that model edition, the proper fingering and the correct phrasing are clearly indicated. Moreover, Dr. Bischoff has exercised his critical faculties in a careful examination of the text. It seems strange that in works only some forty years old, such criticism should be necessary. We are apt to associate the idea of textual criticism with rusty old college-dons poring over a fragment of Ennius or a particularly crabbed chorus of Aeschylus. But in reality the modern printer has almost as much to answer for as the ancient copyist. Printers' errors are sometimes passed by the most lynx-eyed "readers," they are then re-copied in subsequent reproductions, and soon become crystallized in the mould of tradition. In the first edition of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, an intelligent compositor read the word "nurse" in Sir Walter's manuscript as "morse," and ere long the Scottish Dictionaries were enriched with a supposed verb "to morse"! So it has fared with Schumann. But Dr. Bischoff has been on the track, and his eagle eye has discovered many a well-disguised blunder. Thus in No. 13 of the Children's Album (Mai, lieber Mai) it is pointed out that in the sixth bar an "A" has fallen out which Dr. Bischoff restores thus—



The edition is complete in eleven volumes, which are arranged as follows:—

- Vol. I. Scenes of Childhood, Album for the Young, Sonatas for the Young.
- Vol. II. Papillons, Forest Scenes, Bunte Blätter, Album Leaves.
- Vol. III. Intermezzos, Impromptu on a theme by Clara Wieck, Arabeske, Blumenstück, Nachtstücke, 3 Romanzas.
- Vol. IV. Davidsbündler, Carnival, Faschingsschwank, Scherzo and Presto passionato.
- Vol. V. Fantasiestücke op. 12, Kreisleriana, Fantase op. 17, Fantasiestücke op. 117.
- Vol. VI. Toccata, Humoreske, Novelletten, 4 Marches.
- Vol. VII. Sonatas op. 11, 14, 22.
- Vol. VIII. 12 Etudes d'après des Caprices de Paganini, and 12 Etudes Symphoniques.
- Vol. IX. Thème "Abegg" Varié, Allegro op. 8, 4 Clavierstücke op. 33, 4 Fugues, 7 Clavierstücke op. 126, Gesänge der Frühe (Songs of the early morning), Canon "An Alexis."
- Vol. X. Concerto in A minor.
- Vol. XI. Introduction and Allegro appassionato op. 99, Concerto Allegro with Introduction.

We have only to add that the edition is beautifully printed in large type on fine quarto paper, and that each volume is published at a uniform charge of 2s. 6d.

\* Robert Schumann's Clavierwerke. Kritisch revidierte Ausgabe von Dr. Hans Bischoff. Steingraber Verlag, Hanover. London agents, Bowerman & Co., Poland St. W.



## Sarasate in Frankfurt.

(From our Correspondent, Alex. M'Arthur.)

OF course here as all over Germany, the 29th of October saw the performance of Mozart's "Don Juan;" then, the following Monday, Sarasate and his violin came and held all spellbound, the five tiers of the Opera House, the parquet or pit, and the boxes being crowded with such an audience as even Sarasate must seldom find. On that night the Opera was entirely given over, the stage being turned into an ordinary orchestra, and the programme entirely a concert one. Amongst other things the "Ruy Blas" overture of Mendelssohn, and the "Lichtertanz der Bräute von Kashmir," from "Feramoro" of Rubinstein, were played by the orchestra, Sarasate playing the Mendelssohn and Beethoven Concertos and a Fantasia of his own on a motive from Gounod's "Faust."

After his playing of the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto, an immense laurel wreath tied with Spanish colours fell at his feet, and so great was the enthusiasm of his audience that in every case he was recalled eight or ten times, and must have been almost deafened by the vociferous shouts of "encore" that greeted him from every part of the house.

At the second concert of the Museums Gesellschaft, which took place on the 21st October, Sarasate was solo violin, playing the Concerto No. 2 in D minor of Max Bruch, and as his solo pieces his own two Spanish dances, giving as encore the E flat Nocturne of Chopin. This last, often as concert-goers have heard it, yet lost nothing of its charm, the exquisite delicacy of Sarasate's playing being something one can never hear too often.

Sarasate has kindly given our correspondent the following particulars as to his movements:—

He is now on a tour which during the months of November and December extends over Strasburg, Stuttgart, Munich, Prague, Vienna, Graz, Budapest, Warsaw, Lemberg, and Cracow. After the New Year he goes to Russia, and in May we shall have him in London.

## Accidentals.

We see from *Metcalf's Musical Express*, that at the Annual Belle Vue Brass Band Contest, held at Manchester on the first Monday in September, the first place was obtained this year by the Kingston Mills Band, and the second by the Black Dyke Band. In the previous contests, which commenced in 1853, the Kingston Band has twice taken the first place and twice the second. The Black Dyke Band has been first on five occasions, and second on two. It is stated that since the establishment of these contests, twenty bands have grown up in the district for every one previously existing, whilst first-class instruments have replaced the miscellaneous collections that once did duty. Most of the members are working men, engaged in the mills, ironworks, and collieries. Their band is their pastime, and the employers lend ready assistance in supplying funds for the purchase of good instruments and attractive uniforms, in obtaining capable teachers, and even in finding work for good performers in order that the local band may do credit to the district. And not only in their own districts, but at all the adjacent merry-makings, the services of the bands are highly appreciated.

A GERMAN newspaper relates a capital story of Verdi. Some years ago Verdi was visited by a friend in a small watering-place, where he was found quartered in a little room, which, he said, served at once as dining, dwelling, and bedroom. As the visitor expressed surprise, Verdi broke in, "Oh, I have two other large rooms, but they are full of articles which I have hired." With this the company rose from his seat, opened the door, and showed

his astonished visitor ninety-five barrel organs, remarking, "When I came here, all these organs played 'Rigoletto,' 'Trovatore,' and similar stuff. I have hired them from the owners. I pay about 1500 lire, and now I can enjoy my summer rest without being disturbed."

A BICYCLE Band has been formed in Michigan. The musicians play as they ride, but we are afraid that either their music or their cycling must materially suffer from the combination.

"RUDDIGORE" has been consigned to the limbo of buried operas. No composer succeeds in making a hit with every work, and we may hope that in their next opera, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan will again rise to the level of the "Mikado." Meanwhile we have a chance of renewing our acquaintance with the dear old "Pinafore."

MR. HAWES CRAVEN of Lyceum fame is responsible for the scenery. The stage represents the deck looking fore and aft as in "Tristan and Isolde," or, to take a humbler illustration, "The Harbour Lights." This arrangement produces a most realistic effect, but it has been pointed out that it is open to the objection that in exits the actors appear to walk right into the sea. There is an enormous mast in the foreground provided with orthodox yards, which are manned with real sailors from the Sailors' Home at Greenwich.

It says a good deal both for Mr. D'Oyly Carte and his artists that he has retained four members of the original cast since May 1878. Mr. Grossmith is still the First Lord, Mr. Barrington takes his old part of Captain Corcoran, Dick Deadeye is still represented by Mr. Temple, and Miss Jessie Bond is still the leader of "the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts." Miss Geraldine Ulmar takes the part of the heroine, and Ralph Rackstraw is represented by Mr. J. G. Robertson, who succeeds Mr. Durward Lely as the tenor of the Savoy Company.

THE Borough of Hackney Choral Association has given at Shoreditch Town Hall an excellent performance of Mr. Prout's new cantata, "The Red Cross Knight," which was lately produced at Huddersfield. The soloists were Miss Clare Leighton, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Pierpoint, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

DURING the performance, a curious and rather laughable incident occurred. Shoreditch Town Hall is built right up against the line of the North London Railway, and just at the point where the tournament spectators, listening for the trumpet signal of the crusader, exclaim "Hark! hark! what notes the echoes rouse!" there came an ear-piercing succession of excited screams from an indignant locomotive under the windows!

THE cares of the Irish problem do not stop the flow of harmony in Ireland's capital. Last month we mentioned the operatic advantages which Dubliners have lately been enjoying. The winter concerts have now fairly commenced, and there is every prospect of a brilliant season.

THE Dublin Musical Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Joseph Robinson, announces the "Messiah," and the St. Patrick's Oratorio Society will give in the Cathedral "St. Paul," the "Messiah," and the "Redemption." The Royal Dublin Society will give a long series of Chamber Music Concerts, the artists being Papini, Laner, Rudersdorf, and the resident pianist Signor Eposito.

OUR readers will be specially interested in Mr. Collisson's Popular Concerts. The first of the series was given on the 12th November, and the enthusiasm of the audience was an encouraging augury of success. The instrumentalists were the Misses Marianne and Clara Eisler, the former of whom is engaged for

Adelina Patti's tour. Their rendering of Spohr's Sonata in A flat for violin and harp was warmly appreciated. Mr. Collisson was the solo pianist, and the vocalists were Miss José Sherrington, Mrs. Scott-Fenell, Mr. Walter Bapty, and Mr. Donnell Balfe. The same programme had been performed by the same artists on the previous evening in Belfast, where Mr. Collisson is managing another series of popular concerts.

MR. COLLISON is no longer responsible for the entire management of these concerts. Mr. Sullivan of Dublin is acting as impresario, and Mr. Collisson is thus enabled to give his undivided attention to the musical department.

We are glad to see that in spite of the heavy reverses of last season, the Glasgow Choral Union are again going on with their choral and orchestral concerts. We learn from the prospectus that a Guarantee Fund of £2600 has been subscribed, and we trust that this season there may not be a heavy demand on the generosity of the guarantors.

MR. MANNS is again the conductor, and the leader is Mr. Fernandez-Arbós of Berlin. There will be ten classical concerts (three choral and seven orchestral), and nine popular concerts. The choral works are "Elijah," the "Messiah," and Berlioz' "Faust." The list of artists is composed as follows:—Sopranos, Madame Nordica, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Annie Marriott, Mdle. Elvira Gambogi, Mdle. Elly Warnots, Miss Alice Whitacre, Mrs. Hutchinson; contraltos, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Hope Glenn, Madame Patey; tenors, Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Henry Beaumont; basses, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Frederick King. The solo violinists are Messrs. Franz Ondrick and Fernandez-Arbós; the solo pianists, Messrs. Franz Rummel and Bernhard Stavenhagen.

In these days of easy and rapid communication, the lovers of music in small towns within reach of the Metropolis are enjoying increased opportunities of hearing music of the highest order. There is really no reason why such towns should be confined to a few stray concerts of the drawing-room ballad description.

It is this consideration that has led our collaborateur, Mr. Carl Bernhard, to organize a series of high-class concerts in the town of Chelmsford. Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard (baritone and contralto) have themselves furnished the vocal part of these concerts; and such instrumentalists as the Chevalier Leonhard Emil Bach, and the young pianist Miss Jeanne Douste, Mr. Gompertz of the Popular Concerts, and Mr. Ould, the cellist, have run down from London.

We also notice the name of the Chevalier Leonhard Emil Bach in the programmes of two concerts organized by Signor La Camera at Bournemouth. The other performers were the violinist Signor Papini, whose portrait we inserted along with that of Signor Bottesini in our issue for July, Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Enriquez, and Mr. Barrington Foote.

SOUTHAMPTON is well supplied with good concerts of this description. As an illustration, we may refer to Mr. J. E. Hammond's concert at the Hartley on the 25th October. The vocalists were Mdle. Isidor, Miss Rees, Mr. Charles Chilly, and Signor Foli; the instrumentalists, Madame Frickenhaus, Signor Simonetti, and Signor Bottesini. The audience were most enthusiastic, and gave Madame Frickenhaus a double recall, not too common with pinafore soloists. Signor Foli received the customary ovation, but why did he sing "They all love Jack?"

MISS MAY SMITH gave her second annual concert on October 25, at the Lecture Hall, Enfield. Miss Smith is young, and at present only locally known; but she bids fair to become a brilliant pianist, and what is better, an exponent of true music. The other performers were Miss Ethel Copel, Mr. John Probert, and Mr. Robert Hilton.



A correspondent in Loughborough gives us particulars of a concert in that town at which Miss Mary Davies, Herr Poznanski the violinist, and Signor Tito Mattei appeared. Unfortunately, the good people of Loughborough did not take advantage of their opportunity, as the hall was not half filled. The Loughborough Penny Concerts, which we have already described, are again continued, and there is also a series of high-class concerts under the joint direction of Dr. Briggs of Loughborough and Mr. Henry Nicholson of Leicester.

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THE Wednesday Popular Concerts given by the Cambridge University Musical Society are now in their twentieth season. They are given in the Guildhall, and the audience is thus described by our correspondent:—"A sprinkling of dons and undergraduates, the latter including a goodly contingent from Gorton and Newnham, under the wing of Miss Gladstone and other chaperones, and a few extra-academic music-lovers." The first concert of the season opened with Mozart's Quintet in A for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, which received a careful and artistic rendering at the hands of Messrs. Godfrey, Gompertz, Inwards, Channell, and Ould.

\* \* \*

WE have received from the Leeds Conservatoire of Music a syllabus of what appears to be an interesting course of lectures for the students and subscribers. The lecturer is the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, and the course, which extends until the end of next April, includes such subjects as "Music and Musicians before A.D. 1500;" "Early English Writers," "Handel," "Bach," "Haydn," "Beethoven," "Gluck," "Schubert," "Mozart," "Mendelssohn," "Chopin," "Schumann."

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A GREAT deal of solid though unpretentious work is done by the Sunday School Union. A few years ago a mixed choir of adults and children, under the auspices of the Sunday School Union, and conducted by Mr. W. Gourlay Balcarras, brought out a cantata by the American composer, G. F. Root, entitled "Under the Palms." This work achieved a remarkable success, and has since been added to the permanent repertoire of most Sunday School choirs. This was followed by a cantata, entitled "The Choicest Gift," and a third, "Cloud and Sunshine," has just been published.

\* \* \*

BEING intended for Sunday-school choirs, the work is extremely simple, at least as far as the choruses are concerned. It is, however, just sufficiently elaborate to put the children on their mettle, and thus lead the way to higher things. The solos are naturally much more elaborate, and the whole work is decidedly pleasing.

\* \* \*

MISS ANNIE WILSON, on the 16th ult., at Queen's Gate, Hull, gave the first of a series of Matinées Musicales. In spite of the inclement weather, the concert was a success. The artistes were—Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Fitch, and Miss Amy Hornimann, Miss Randegger and Miss Minnie Hornimann, Messrs. Page and Bucalossi, jun. The Marquis de Seurille gave two amusing sketches, and Miss Randegger delighted the audience with her brilliant playing.

\* \* \*

A MEETING of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London, was held in the Hall at Addison Road, on the 10th November. The business of the opening consisted in giving an account of the proceedings of the Society up to date, and awarding medals and prizes to the successful candidates in the Kensington Local Examinations. A paper on "The True Idea of a University" was read by the President of St. Stephen's College, New York, and a pleasant programme of music was performed. An operetta, "The Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest," by Mr. W. H. Birch, was received with every mark of appreciation.

## Character of Slavonic Music and Poetry.

—:O:—

### CHOPIN'S WORKS.

VI.

#### THE F MINOR CONCERTO.

WE will now examine one of Chopin's most important works—the F minor Concerto, op. 21. Like the E minor concerto, it begins with a long introduction for the orchestra, which contains all the leading themes of the first movement. It is written throughout in a very lugubrious strain, and it is but rarely that a sunny ray of joy breaks through the dark clouds. Commencing with a soft wail, sounding like a reproach to fate, the orchestra breaks into a loud cry of pain, in the fifth, sixth and seventh bars; it relapses soon into soft weeping, and is interrupted again by loud sounds of anguish, more violent and more passionate than before, like the despairing cry of souls lost without hope. But there is not sufficient strength to strive and struggle and to take up the battle with fate. Each momentary outburst, each cry of pain, is followed by a relapse into softly wailing sorrow. That youthful warlike courage which manifests itself in the E minor Concerto, which accepts the challenge and gains for itself one spot of rest and joy from the midst of the world's tumult, is not to be found here. The predominant moods in the F minor Concerto are memories of a happy past, quiet sorrow, gentle complainings, agonised cries, and sad resignation. This funeral music always recalls to my mind the words of the poet: "I, too, was born in Arcadia; to me also nature promised joy, but the brief spring-time brought me nothing but tears." Yes, it is only tears which are heard in this music which moves our innermost feelings. The last bars of the introduction die away *pianissimo* on the sadly sounding chord of the seventh, G, B flat, D flat, F, like a funeral march. The solo part breaks in on these mournful tones with the same chord *fortissimo*, carries it in double octaves down to the bass, from which again reproachful sounds of sorrow and pain rise. This unexpected, sudden introduction of the high D flat by the soloist, and the following curious figuration of the chord of the seventh, sound almost like a curse of despair against so much undeserved sufferings; but it soon dissolves again into soft complaining. Thus the principal part, with all its passages, winds itself through all this grief to the end, where once again the first question addressed to fate is heard, which is only answered in soft accents of sorrow and at last with a categorical "No! No!"

We look forward for comfort and peace in the second movement, *Larghetto*, and hope to be led to the long wished-for haven of rest, where the harmony of sound will bring forth harmony in life, and where all the discords of earthly troubles will be solved in the major-key, inspiring peace and joy. But fate decrees otherwise! The principal part, however, soars boldly upwards, looking down proudly upon all earthly misery, and then, in growing bass-figures, it seems to defy the power of fate, repelling the soft consoling voices of the flute, oboe, and clarinet almost angrily. The passages for the piano are here treated like recitatives, and a kind of dialogue takes place between piano and orchestra.

The finale is devoid of all brilliant passages; it has not a single showy concert-phrase. It moves in quavers and quaver-triplets; one would hardly take it for a concert-piece were it not joined to a concerto. The whole concerto is, in fact, more the pouring out of an individual soul than a piece calculated for the pianist to dazzle his hearers, although it offers difficulties enough of another kind. The last movement is of a less gloomy character. It begins, certainly, in F minor, but turns finally to F major, and we hear even gay sounds of horns inviting to the feast. But this gaiety is of a subdued character: minor triads and numerous discords often embitter the cup of joy. No one should presume to perform this concerto in public who cannot enter into this lugubrious mood, and who does not feel these tones as coming from his own heart. And even if a virtuoso should possess the necessary intellectual and technical requirements for a finished performance, he will not be successful unless he has an audience sufficiently educated to sympathise with this mournful tone-poem. Like the rest of Chopin's music, this concerto is not written for people who only want to be amused; and this absence of any cheerful, popular element calculated to amuse the multitude and to give pleasure to all, is doubtless the reason why the F minor Concerto is played less frequently in public than the one in E minor.

This concerto, when first published, made a deep impression on R. Schumann, who spoke of it in terms of enthusiastic praise, and recognised in Chopin a genius akin to his own. He writes: "Genius creates kingdoms whose smaller states are divided by a higher hand among talents, that these may organise in detail and accomplish what is impossible to the former, on account of its constantly bespoken activity." Chopin brought a Beethoven-like spirit into the concert-room. He did not appear with an orchestral army as a giant-genius would do; he has only a small troop, but it is his exclusive property down to the last man. Fate made him interesting by his strong, original nationality, namely, the Polish. And as his nationality moves about in robes of mourning, we find its melancholy still more distinctively portrayed in the thoughtful artist. The explanation of his merits and his faults is to be found in his descent and the sad fate of his country. Who does not think of Chopin when speaking of enthusiasm, grace, warmth of feeling, and nobleness? but also when speaking of peculiarity, morbid eccentricity—yes, even wild hatred. All Chopin's early works bear this stamp of exceptional quality. But art demands more than this. The voice of the small native country will

be effaced by that of the world; we perceive already that in his more recent works that Sarmatian physiognomy begins to disappear, and they will gradually be moulded into that ideal beauty, of which the old Greeks have so long served as models; so that we may yet welcome another Mozart, although in another sphere. I said *gradually*, for he will not and ought never to deny his origin entirely; but the further he is removed from it, the greater will his importance in art be.

To what extent this last observation of Schumann has been verified, I will show further on in noticing Chopin's other works.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

—:O:—

LONDON—WEEKES &amp; CO., HANOVER STREET, REGENT STREET.

An Indian Serenade. Song. By Louis N. Parker. (4s.)

THIS is a very striking composition of great original beauty. It is charmingly melodious, though quaint withal, and very expressive of the words—Shelley's poem—"I arise from dreams of thee." We can recommend it as being good music.

We have also received a book of Nine Songs by the same composer (2s. 6d. net). This we can likewise recommend to our readers. It is really a collection of little gems, among which may be mentioned as especially good, No. 7, a setting in 5 flats to Canon Kingsley's "Oh that we two were Maying" and "Lost love II."

It has given us great pleasure to review these compositions of Mr. Parker's. He is a rising composer, and we should think was capable, by concentration of effort, of producing some rather larger work of real lasting merit.

Brave and True. Song. By Cecil Goodall. And *If thou art sleeping* (Longfellow), by the same composer. (4s. each.)

Without being strikingly original, these songs are well composed, and very attractive, and will captivate their hearers when well sung. The first requires a good manly voice, which can bring out the refrain "Aye, true as the sun," etc. The second forms a very brisk and melodious serenade for a tenor voice of a thinner timbre.

Six Songs. By Hy. F. Jones

Nos. 2 and 3, published at 4s., are to hand. Pretty and graceful, sweet and delicate, but old-fashioned in their simple aim and runs—hardly to be called melodies. We can recommend them only as easy, flowing songs for good voices.

Lead, kindly Light, by C. E. Willing. (4s.)

We do not think very much of this. There is a deficiency of melody, and a superfluity of modulations, etc., making the song difficult of rendering easily.

The Herald of Love. A rather pretty ballad by C. H. R. Marriott. (4s.) And four other songs by the same composer.

"Only, Love, Remember," a delicate quiet little song; "Land Ahead," a jolly taking sea-song with a bounding refrain; "Treasures"; and "Ruth," a sacred song of a rather plain undemonstrative nature.

Mr. Marriott evidently understands the art of song-composing; his only fault being a want of originality—his melodies are rather commonplace.

Jack's Haven, by R. A. Briggs (4s.).

which is not at all a bad song, and *Kitty's Disaster*, "A mill-pail tragedy," by Malcolm Lawson (4s.), complete our rather long list of solos from Messrs. Weekes.

Of part-songs, 2 by Ed. Griffith are worthy of praise—*Darvins* for T.T.B.B., and more especially *Sweet Day*, solo, duet, and chorus. (3d. each.)

These are both simple but musical compositions, of a light nature, reminding us of the fact of Mr. Griffith being an organist (an F.C.O.). Also the following—

The Sleeping Beauty. Madrigal. (S.S.A.T.T.B.) By Genl F. Cobb. (6d. net.)

This part-song, in slow time, legato movement, and to be sung without accompaniment, does not withal give us much pleasure in perusing it. It seems somehow not quite to come up to the composer's ideal. The words form a difficult subject to deal with appropriately.

Sweet is the Breath of Morn. Glee or A.T.T.B. By A. H. Bonser.

This is a very sweet and delicate little glee. Without any striking beauty, it is nevertheless pleasing, and the composer has evidently spent some little thought over it. It will so doubt be useful on appropriate occasions.

We have printed the Prize Walts on paper full music size, and with a coloured title-page, thinking this would be the most acceptable to the general body of our readers. Under these circumstances we have given only four part-songs with the Christmas Part, instead of six as mentioned in the November Part.

We must apologise to our correspondents for not answering several questions that have been addressed to us. Our readers will see for themselves, from the contents of our Christmas Number, that the demands on our time have been unusually heavy. We are therefore compelled to hold our answers to the January Part.

290E87

USEC



# The Child Jesus

## Christmas Carol.

Words by  
Robert Stephen Hawker.

Music by  
Charles Stewart Macpherson,  
A.R.A.M.

Brightly.

SOPRANO.  
ALTO.

Wel - come that star in Ju - dah's sky, That voice o'er  
The shep - herds sought that birth di - vine, The wise men  
Those voi - ces from on high are mute, The star the

TENOR.  
BASS.

Beth - lehem's pal - my glen, The lamp far sa - ges hail'd on  
trac'd their guid - ed way, There, by strange light and mys - tic  
wise men saw is dim, But hope still guides the wan - d'rers

high, The tones that thrill'd the shep - herd men; Glo - ry to  
sign, The God they came to wor - ship lay; A hu - man  
foot, And faith re - news the an - gel hymn; Glo - ry to



God in lof - tiest heav'n, Thus an - gels smote the e - choing  
 Babe in beau - ty smil'd, Where low ing ox - en round him  
 God in lof - tiest heav'n, Touch with glad hand the an - cient

chord, Glad tid - ings un - to man for - giv'n, Peace from the  
 trod, A maid - en clasp'd her aw - ful Child, Pure off - spring  
 chord, Good tid - ings un - to man for - giv'n, Peace from the

*f*

pres - ence of the Lord, Peace from the pres - ence of the Lord.  
 of the breath of God, Off - spring of the breath of God.  
 pres - ence of the Lord, Peace from the pres - ence of the Lord.

*p poco rit.*



# THOU WONDROUS LOVE.

C. O. Sternan.

Translated by M. S. W.

CARL REINECKE.

**Allegro.**

VIOLIN.

VOICE.

**Allegro.**

PIANO.

*mf*

*f con fuoco*

1. I

*decres.*

wish I were the boun - teous spring, On thee my gift I'd pour: Sweet  
 wish I were a gold - en dream, By night I'd come to thee, And  
 wish I were a bloom - ing rose, Up - on thy breast to lie; With

*p*



flow' - ry chains a - round thee fling, And leave thee nev - er more, Sweet  
 hov - er like a pale moonbeam, Thy deep - est thought to see, And  
 fra - grant pe - tals I'd dis - close My heart to thee - then die! With

flow' - ry chains a - round thee fling, And leave thee nev - er more;  
 hov - er like a pale moonbeam, Thy deep est thought to see:  
 fra - grant pe - tals I'd dis - close My heart to thee - then die!

And thou, all un - a - ware, should be My Queen, my cap - tive  
 Nor leave that shrine of pu - ri - ty, Till thou with joy shalt  
 But first, my love, thy ro - sy lips I should have soft - ly

*espr.*



too,                      Till      in      thy bower..... thou own - est me  
own                      My      right      to that..... sweet heart      of thine,  
kiss'd;                      By      thee      be - lov - ed,      ne'er      should I

Thine own, thy lov - er true,                      Till in thy bower thou own - est  
Since mine to thee has flown,                      My right to that sweet heart of  
The joy of life have miss'd,                      By thee be - lov - ed, ne'er should

me Thine own,..... thy lov - er true.                      2. I ,  
thine, Since mine..... to thee has flown.                      3. I  
I The joy..... of life have miss'd.                      4. I



would O dar-ling I were thine, Thine own, as mine thou art; With

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady quarter-note bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the start of the piano part.

flow' - ry gar-lands I'd en - twine Thy form, with love thy heart.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and steady quarter-note bass line in the left hand.

Fain would I read in those sweet eyes What lips will ne'er be -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and steady quarter-note bass line in the left hand.



tray— "Oh, take me

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. It features a vocal line with a melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'tray—' and '"Oh, take me' are aligned with the vocal notes. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

to thy heart, for there .....

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'to thy heart, for there .....'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

..... For ev - er would I stay!"

*ff*

This system contains measures 7 through 9. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics '..... For ev - er would I stay!'. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in measure 8, indicating a loud, powerful sound.





oar On-ward on the roar-ing wind Kith and kin we leave be -  
bow Sweet..... as when with o - cean roar Tem-pests sweep a - long the

*cres* - - - *cen* - - -

- hind Round the head-lands tow'ring o'er us Do the deed that lies be -  
shore Skalds shall sing the sa - ges ho - ry, chil-dren, chil-dren reap the

- - do *cres* - - - *cen* - - do - - -

- fore us Wor - thy of the land that bore us.  
glo - ry, Wor - thy of the land that bore ye.

*ff*



Should the dark ness fill mine  
Vic - to - ry, he cried, and

*p e poco rit.*

eyes I shall die as Vi - king dies  
fell But his troth he kept full well

Find me when the fight is done When the gods might claim a son.  
When the foe at last gave way Then in death the Vi-king lay

*ppp* Bear me  
Bear him

*ppp*



home o'er the foam ..... in the bat-tle gear my  
home o'er the foam ..... in the bat-tle gear his

*D.C. §*

good ship ..... my bier.  
good ship ..... his bier.

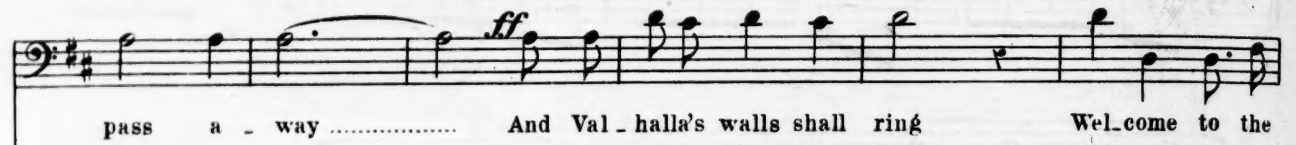
*pp*

*lunga pausa*

3. Let the fire a - rise and flame the day Sea - ward gale swell the

*trem.*

sail, Till the deep a - far shew a might - y star, and right roy - al - ly he'll





## MINUET IN THE OLD STYLE.

Composed by  
J. P. ATTWATER.*Allegretto grazioso.*

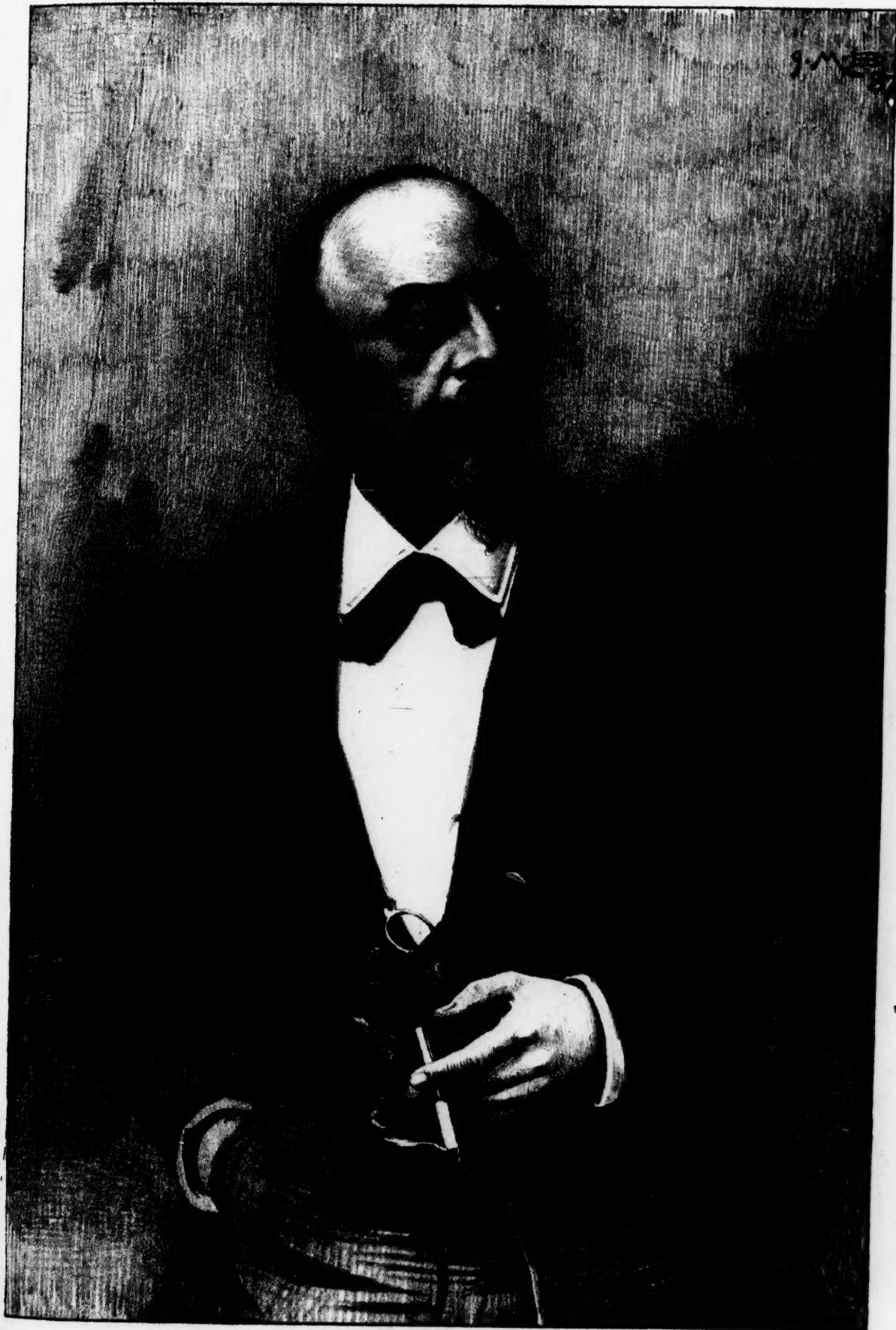








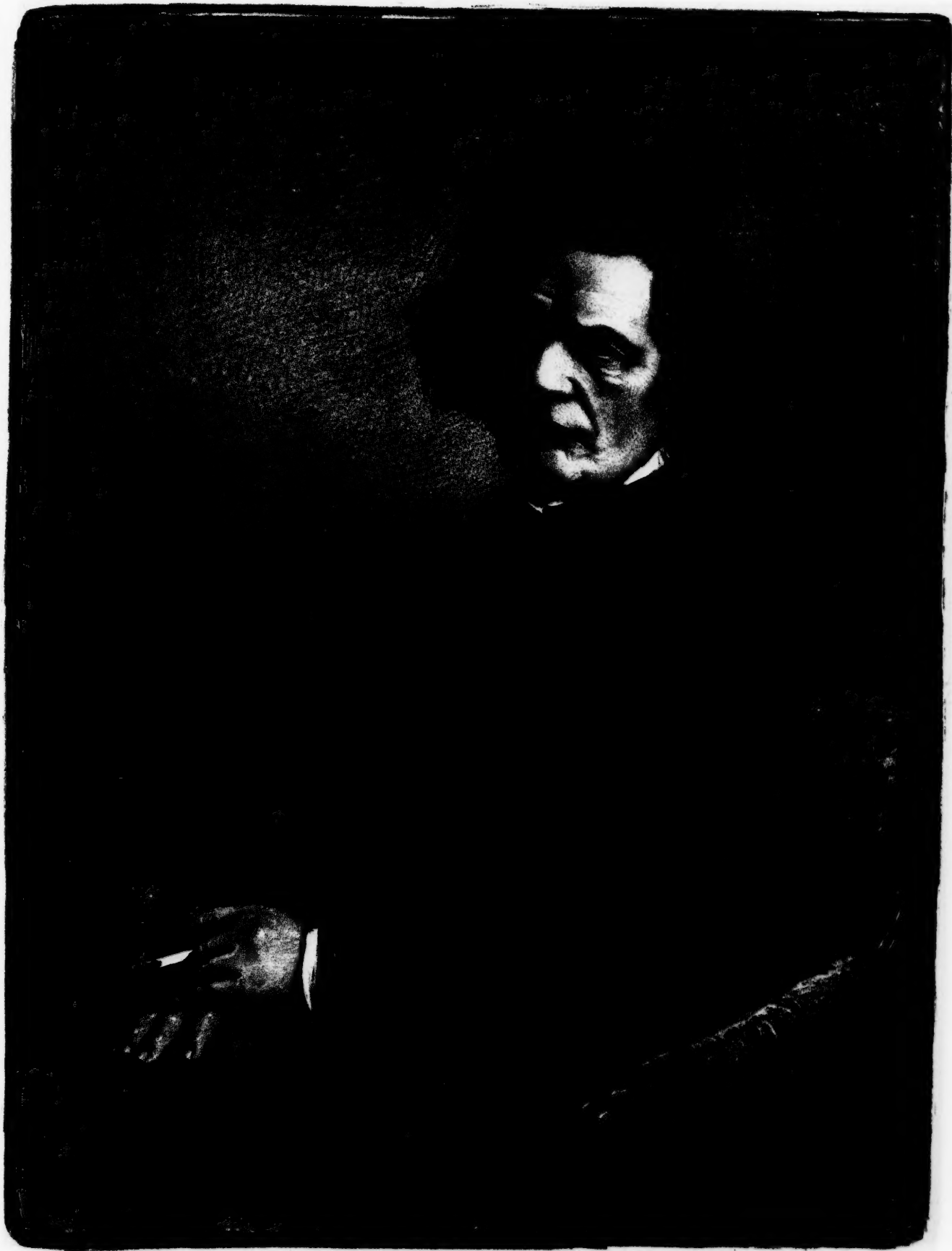




HANS VON BULOW.







ANTON RUBINSTEIN.



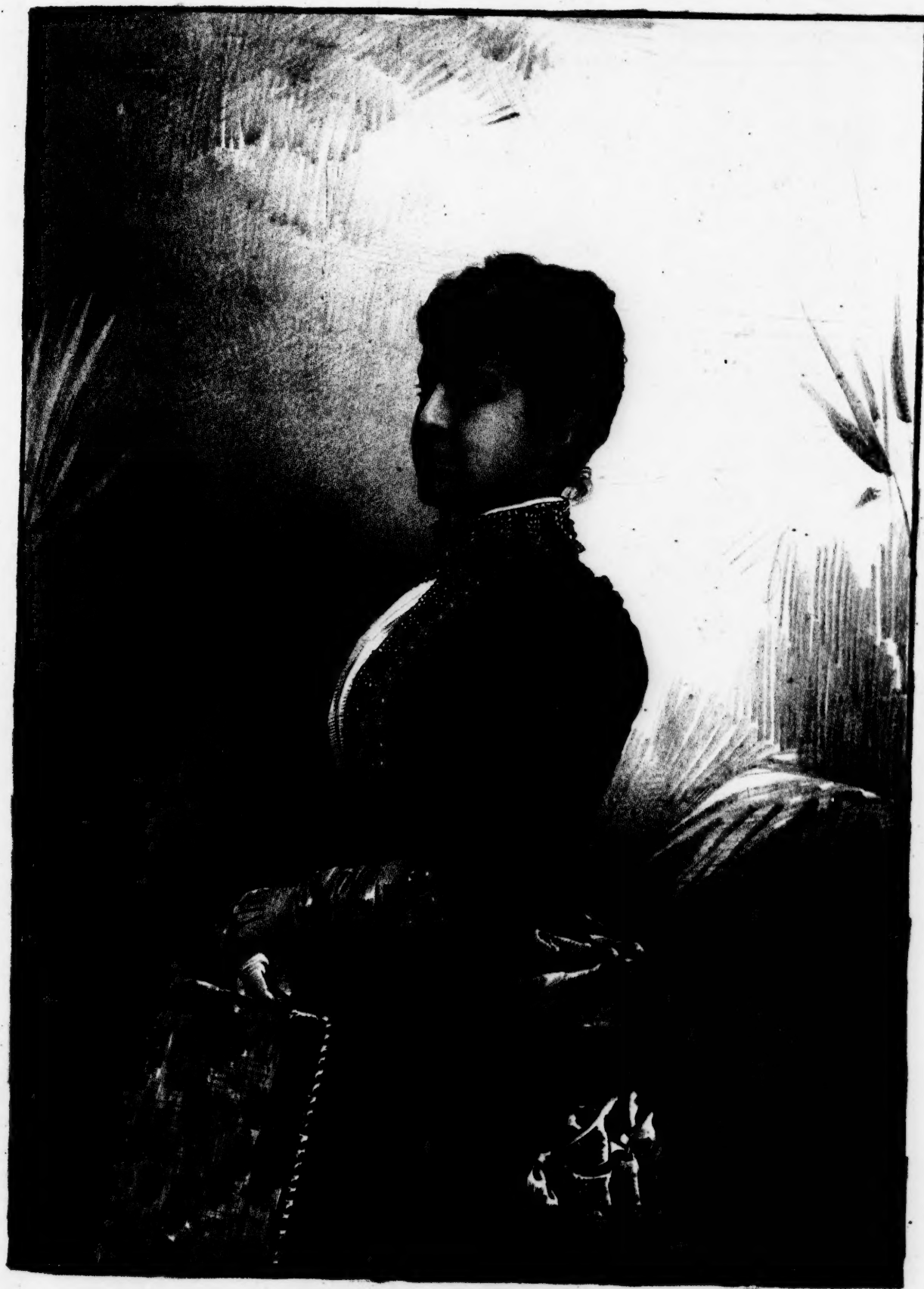




MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA.







MADAME ADELINA PATTI.



to my Friend

Wor  
SIR WAL

Musical score for voice and piano. The score includes staves for Alto, Tenor (lower), and Piano. The lyrics "Dream o" are visible below the vocal staves.

Continuation of the musical score. The lyrics "Dream o" are repeated on multiple staves.



# "Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er."

PART-SONG FOR MALE VOICES.

(UNACCOMPANIED.)

Words by  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Adagio.*

Music by  
JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, M.A., Mus.D. Oxon.

Alto

Soprano

Tenor (higher)

Tenor (lower)

Bass

Piano

*Adagio. pp*

Soldier, rest! thy war-fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break-ing;

Soldier, rest! thy war-fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break-ing;

Soldier, rest! thy war-fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break-ing;

Soldier, rest! thy war-fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break-ing, no breaking;

*Adagio. pp*

*f* *pp*

Dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan-ger, nights of wak-ing, In our isle's en-chant-ed

*f* *pp*

Dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan-ger, nights of wak-ing, In our isle's en-chant-ed

*f*

Dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan-ger, nights of wak-ing,

*f*

Dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan-ger, nights of wak-ing,

*pp*

\* For use at rehearsal only.

hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strew - - ing, Fai - ry strains of mu - sic

hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strew - - ing, Fai - ry strains of mu - sic

*pp* In our isle's en-char-ed hall, Hands thy couch are strewing, Fai-ry strains of mu - sic

*pp* In our isle's en-char-ed hall, Hands thy couch are strewing, Fai - - ry

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first vocal staff has lyrics: "hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strew - - ing, Fai - ry strains of mu - sic". The second vocal staff has lyrics: "hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strew - - ing, Fai - ry strains of mu - sic". The third vocal staff has lyrics: "In our isle's en-char-ed hall, Hands thy couch are strewing, Fai-ry strains of mu - sic". The fourth vocal staff has lyrics: "In our isle's en-char-ed hall, Hands thy couch are strewing, Fai - - ry". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef. The first two staves of the piano part have lyrics: "In our isle's en-char-ed hall, Hands thy couch are strewing, Fai - - ry".

fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy

fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy

fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest!

Fai - ry strains of mu - sic ev' - - ry sense in slum-ber dew - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first vocal staff has lyrics: "fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy". The second vocal staff has lyrics: "fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy". The third vocal staff has lyrics: "fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest!". The fourth vocal staff has lyrics: "Fai - ry strains of mu - sic ev' - - ry sense in slum-ber dew - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef. The first two staves of the piano part have lyrics: "fall, ev' - ry sense in slum-ber dew - - ing; Sol-dier, rest! thy".



war-fare o'er, Dream of fight - - ing fields no more; Sleep the sleep that

war-fare o'er, Dream of fight - - ing fields no more; Sleep the sleep that

Dream no more,..... Dream no more,...

war-fare o'er,..... Dream of fight - - ing fields no more;..... Sleep the sleep that

*f* *p* *pp*

*Alla marcia.* *f*

knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing. No rude sound shall reach thine

knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing. No rude sound shall reach thine

Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing. No rude sound shall reach thine

knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing. No rude sound shall reach thine

*Alla marcia.* *f*  $\text{♩} = 116.$

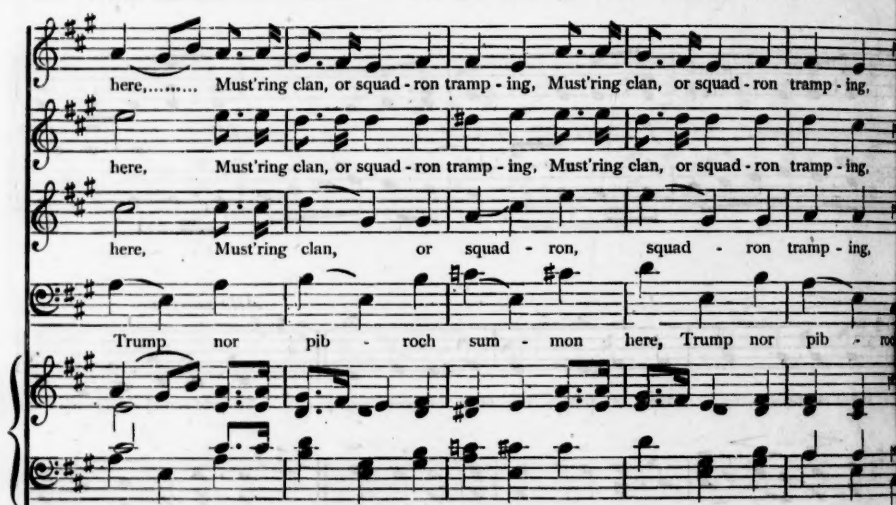


ear,..... Armour's clang, or war - steed champ - ing, Trump nor pibroch sum -

ear,..... Armour's clang, or war - steed champ - ing, Trump nor pibroch sum -

ear, Armour's clang, or war - steed champ - ing, Trump nor pibroch sum -

ear, Ar - - - moun's clang, or war - steed champ - ing,



here,..... Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing,

here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing,

here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron, squad - ron tramp - ing,

Trump nor pib - roch sum - mon here, Trump nor pib - roch



Trump nor pibroch summon here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing. *mf* Yet the lark's shrill file m

Trump nor pibroch summon here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing.

Trump nor pibroch summon here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing.

Trump nor pibroch summon here, Must'ring clan, or squad - ron tramp - ing. *mf*



5

come, At the day-break, from the fal - low ; And the bit-tern sound his

At the day-break, from the fal low ; And the bit-tern sound his

And the bit-tern sound his drum,

And the bit-tern sound his drum,

drum, Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, Boom - ing

drum, Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, Boom - ing

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, And the bit-tern sound his drum,

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, And the bit-tern sound his drum,

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, Ru - der sounds shall

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, Ru - der sounds shall

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low, Ru - der sounds shall

Boom - ing from the sed - gy shal - low,

pp

none be near, Guards nor ward - ers chal - - lenge here;

none be near, Guards nor ward - ers chal - - lenge here;

none be near, Guards nor ward - ers chal - - lenge here;

shall none be near, Guards nor ward - ers chal - lenge here;

Here's no war - steed's neigh and champ - ing, Shout - ing clans, or squad - rons stamp - ing.

Here's no war - steed's neigh and champ - ing, Shout - ing clans, or squad - rons stamp - ing.

Here's no war - steed's neigh and champ - ing, Shout - ing clans, or squad - rons stamp - ing.

Here's no war - steed's neigh and champ - ing, Shout - ing clans, or squad - rons stamp - ing.



*Tempo primo.*

Sol - dier, rest! thy war - fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break - ing,

Sol - dier, rest! thy war - fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break - ing,

Sol - dier, rest thy war - fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break - ing,

Sol - dier, rest! thy war - fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break - ing, no break-ing,

*pp Tempo primo.*

dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan - ger, nights of wak - ing, Sleep the sleep that

dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan - ger, nights of wak - ing, Sleep the sleep that

dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan - ger, nights of wak - ing, Sleep the sleep that

dream of bat-tled fields no more, Days of dan - ger, nights of wak - ing, Sleep the sleep that

knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor

knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor

knows not break ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor

knows not break ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor

*pp*

night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - - - ing, *Rall.*

night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - - - ing, *Rall.*

night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - - - ing, *Rall.*

night of wak - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wak - - - ing, *Rall.*

*Rall.*



# MY LOVE Waltz





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# "MY LOVE"

## WALTZ.

*Allegro moderato.*

C. RICHARD DUGGAN.

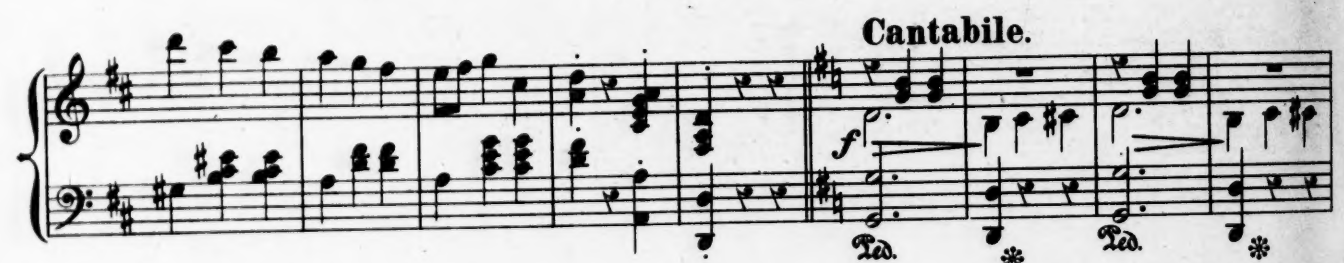
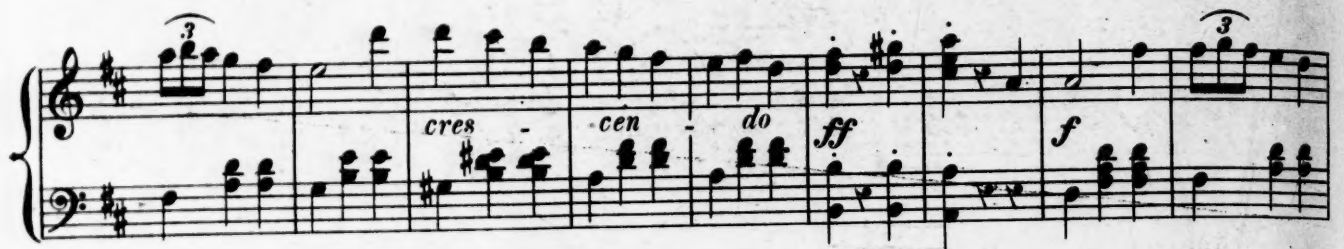
INTRODUCTION.



*Cantabile.*

1.







2. *ff*

*cres.* **Cantabile.** *f*

*p.* *cres* *p.* *cen* *do* *D.C.*

**Scherzando.***2nd time 8va higher.*

3. *ff*

**Cantabile.**

2. *f*

"MY LOVE"

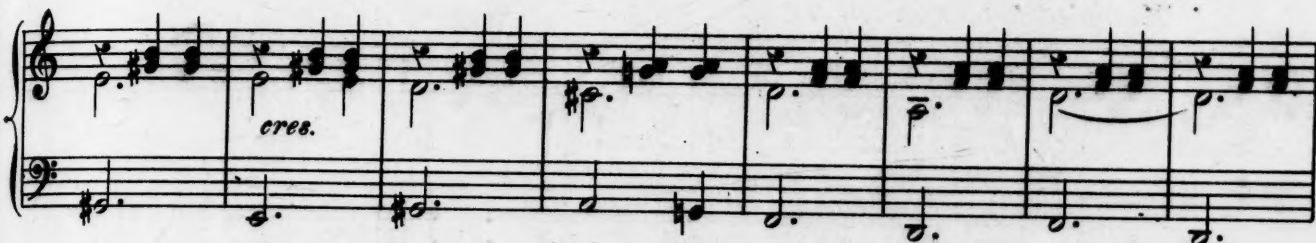


Con espressione.

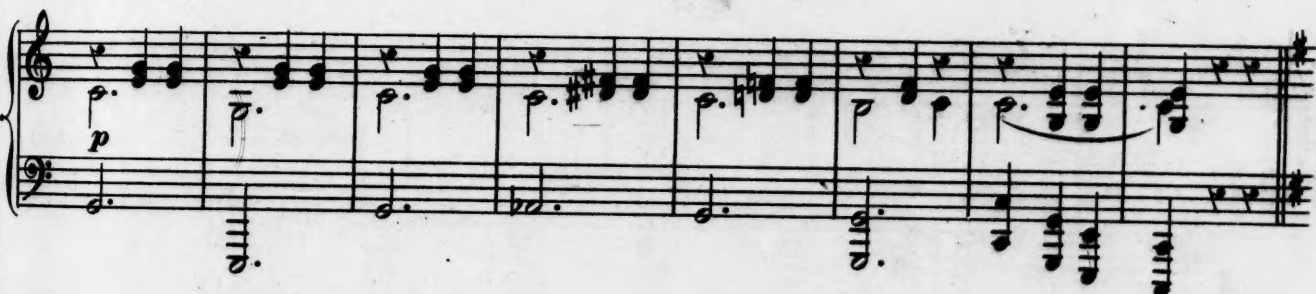
4. *p*



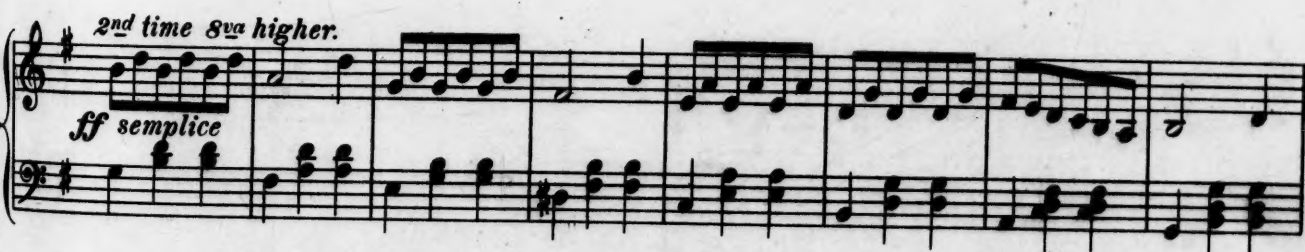
*cres.*



*p*



2nd time 8va higher.  
*ff semplice*



"MY LOVE."

Cornet.      Cornet.      Cornet.

CODA.

This system contains three staves for Cornets and a Coda section. The first staff is for the first Cornet, the second for the second, and the third for the third. They all play in G major and 3/4 time. The Coda section is marked with a large 'C' and a double bar line.

Cantabile.

This system is for the Cantabile section, marked with a large 'C' and a double bar line. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major and 3/4 time. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic and a 'Cantabile' tempo marking.

This system continues the Cantabile section with two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major and 3/4 time. It features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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This system continues the Cantabile section with two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major and 3/4 time. It features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

"MY LOVE"



First system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics: *ff*, *f*, *cres.*, *f*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.

Second system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics: *cres.*, *f*, *cres.*, *cen*, *do*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.

Third system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the first measure. Dynamics: *f*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.

Fourth system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the first measure. Dynamics: *p.*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.

Fifth system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the first measure. Dynamics: *cres.*, *cen*, *do*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.

Sixth system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the first measure. Dynamics: *p*, *rallentando e dim.*, *ppp*. A fermata is placed over the final measure.





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September 1887.

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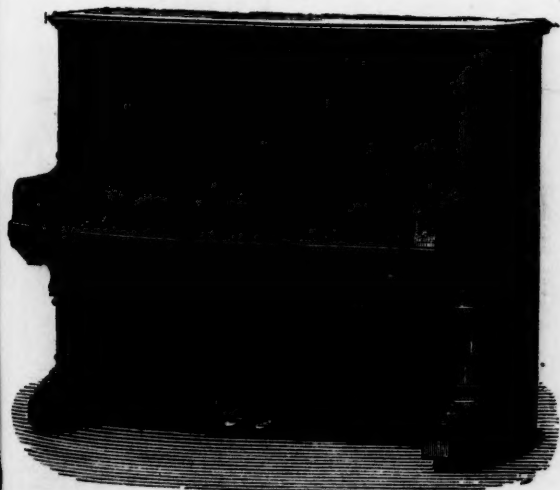
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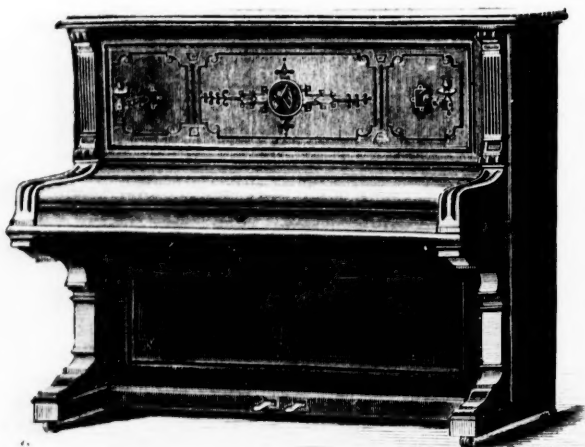
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# MY LOVE" Waltz



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Happ.

## "MY LOVE"

**WALTZ.**

**Allegro moderato.**

**C. RICHARD DUGGAN.**

## INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

The image shows the beginning of the 'Introduction' section of the ballet 'The Swan Lake'. The music is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. It starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by slurs and accents, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic marking appears later in the piece. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Musical score for "L'Allegretto" by Franz Schubert, measures 1-8. The score is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a piano (p) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The tempo is marked "L'Allegretto" and the dynamics include "f" and "dim. e rall."

A musical score for a piece titled "The Cornet." The score is written for a piano and three cornets. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the cornet parts are in the treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of 12 measures. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The cornet parts enter in the second measure with a staccato (stacc.) marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests for the cornets. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

**Cantabile.**

**Cantabile.**

1. 

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the bass line is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the Bass staff, with some words appearing multiple times. There are also some decorative symbols like asterisks and a cross. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff, aligned with the notes. The handwriting is in ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.





First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *cres.*, *f*, *cres.*, *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cres*, *cen*, *do*, *ff*, *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *cres.*, *f*, *cres.*, *cres.*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Section title: **Cantabile.** Dynamics: *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Seventh system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*. Includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

2. *ff*

*cres.* *ff* *ff*

*Cantabile.* *f*

*cres* *p. cen - o. do* *D.C.*



Scherzando.

2nd time 8va higher.

5

3. *ff*

2. Cantabile.

## Con espressione.

4. *p*

*cres.*

*p*

*2nd time 8va higher.*

*ff semplice*

1. 2. *sf*

"MY LOVE."



CODA.

Cornet. *ff* Cornet. *ff* Cornet. *ff*

This system contains the Coda section and three Cornet parts. The Coda is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a series of chords and single notes. The three Cornet parts are written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. Each part begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Cantabile.

*f* *f*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

This system marks the beginning of the Cantabile section. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano part is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked with an asterisk (\*). The tempo is marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum).

\* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* \*

This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked with an asterisk (\*). The tempo is marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum).

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked with an asterisk (\*). The tempo is marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum).

*Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *f* *cres.*

This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked with an asterisk (\*). The tempo is marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum). The section ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

*f* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked with an asterisk (\*). The tempo is marked *Ad.* (Ad libitum). The section ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Key signature: one sharp (F#). The system includes dynamic markings *ff*, *f*, *cres.*, and *f*. There are triplet markings (3) over the right hand in the third and seventh measures.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system includes dynamic markings *cres.*, *f*, *cres.*, and *cen - do*. There is a triplet marking (3) over the right hand in the third measure.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system includes a dynamic marking *f*. The right hand features a long melodic line with a slur.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system includes a dynamic marking *f*. The right hand features a long melodic line with a slur.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system includes dynamic markings *cres.*, *cen*, and *do*. The right hand features a long melodic line with a slur.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system includes dynamic markings *p*, *rallentando e*, *dim.*, and *ppp*. The right hand features a long melodic line with a slur.



APRIL

1350

# MAGAZINE

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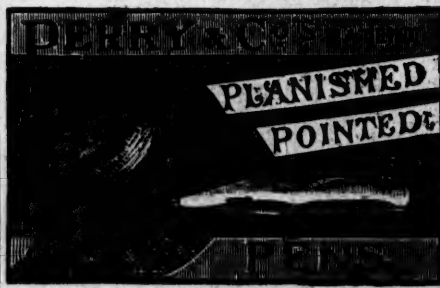
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